THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For JUNE, 1814.

VOL. XI.

The Sixty-sixth Number.

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We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

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———The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 256.)

MISS EVE. The principal figures in this piece (the Battle of Hastings) seem not only to have their conspicuity, but all the other figures a just subordination according to their importance.

Miss *K.* And none are admitted that are useless: upon this plan also the *Iliad* of Homer, and other epic poems, plays, &c. are written. Achilles is so frequently mentioned in the *Iliad*, that he is often called Pelides' son, to soften the continued repetition of the name. There are many ways by which a painter may increase or subdue conspicuity. The regulation of this subordination requires much attention.

Miss *Eve.* How varied and how striking are the attitudes of the figures in this battle!

Miss *K.* I have endeavoured to show their best parts.

Miss *Eve.* I suppose you always draw the osteology correct before you clothe the figures (if I may use the expression) with their muscles.

Miss *K.* I endeavour to do so.

Miss *Eve.* You do not draw from a model, like most of the painters of this country, who, when this figure grows tired and languid, copy what they see.

Miss *K.* No: I consult my reason, and mark the muscles according to the vigour of the momentary exertion.

Miss *Eve.* These painters do not, like you, borrow the harmony of lines from Michael Angelo Buonarotti and Raphael d'Urbino. Did you copy the harmony of lines in this composition from those great masters?

Miss *K.* I often do; but the harmony of lines in this piece I copied from Massaccio of Tuscany and Polydore da Caravaggio. Most of our painters are ignorant of the existence of such a rule as this. They procure porters or boxers for

models, and as they happen to stand, so artists draw.

Miss *Eve.* There seems to be but little marking of the muscles in that figure which lies down.

Miss *K.* That figure, if you observe, is lusty: the body is covered with fat in different degrees in different parts. Here it is much covered with that integument.

Miss *Eve.* What swag-bellied fat Flanderkins were the females that Rubens generally painted! like Dutch frows or butchers' wives!

Miss K. A female, to be captivating, should be large about the middle, and slender about the extremities. Cipriani drew elegant and graceful females.

Miss *Eve.* I have observed that the female head in Cipriani's works is small and shaped like an egg, with the smaller end downwards; the hair is beautifully dishevelled; the whole figure has the gently flowing form which Hogarth calls the line of beauty, and the lines flourish about harmoniously, in your manner. You would not be half so handsome as you are, Miss K. if you were not formed in this manner.

Do you measure the proportions?

Miss *K.* I know the proportions, but I do not rely much on measuring, because every part is more or less foreshortened. I find that I gain greater accuracy by trusting to the eye.

Much of the merit in this composition arises not only from the harmony of the lines, but also from the particular winding lines, and from these lines running on, as it were, from centres; from the grandeur that arises from uniformity and its attendant simplicity, and from the unostentatiousness of the attitudes and the contrasts. The story, you must allow, is well told; but this I borrowed or stole—call it which you please—from modern painters who lived when this art was best practised, that is, about 300 years ago. Observe in what a few large parts the figures are drawn, in imitation of the Greek terms.

Miss *Eve.* I observe you make the long flowing lines run across the various objects. What a long line runs along the arrow and the arm of that archer, then sweeps away round the drapery that is flying over his head, and twirls again and again like a schoolmaster's flourish, such as we see in specimens of penmanship. This principle is extended also to the various groups.

Miss *K.* The minor parts in these flowing lines, also the greater as you observe even in the groups, wind and run about somewhat like the harmonious flourishes you speak of, but not so obviously to the injudicious eye. I endeavour to make the figures and parts support each other, like a band of music or chorus of voices—I will shew you this principle in perfection in the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael.

Miss *Eve.* We will also study other masters—as Pope observes,

Each heav'nly piece unwearied we'll compare,
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Caracci's strength, Corregio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

Miss *K.* Besides sketching with these scrolls, I always draw outwards or convex, like a blown bladder:—few parts, simplicity, uniformity. I avoid affectation, ostentatious foreshortening, and ostentatious contrasts. I do not discri-

minate draperies, &c.; this belongs to the ornamental style. I introduce what contributes to vastness.

Miss *Eve.* What is so likely to introduce greatness as universal greatness?

Miss *K.* In this picture the colouring is between the Roman and the Bolognese. Had the picture been of the ornamental kind, I should have introduced more variety, more contrast, more small lights, discrimination, finery, flutter, and broken colours, also the Venetian or Flemish colouring.

Miss *Eve.* You have aimed at and accomplished greatness, sublimity, the grandeur of simplicity, breadth in the masses, breadth of touch, square drawing. In that other archer who has just discharged his arrow, what character there is, what energy! the bow absolutely seems to sound, and the bow-string to cry *Twang*. And there is an unfortunate man who seems to have received a mortal wound, which has just deprived him of life: this fatal arrow has just whistled his knell. This brings to my mind the lines in the old ballad of *Chevy Chase,* where one dies in this way by an arrow:—

> The grey goose wing that was thereon
> In his heart's blood was wet.

That great organ of circulation, the heart, seems to pant in its pericardium.

Miss *K.* That arrow inflicted instant death. It is often the case that the flesh will move for some time after expiration, and shrink from a wound made by a sharp instrument. This is well known to butchers, &c.

Miss *Eve.* Some of our poets and painters would make a figure running away with such a wound; and, on the other hand, dying by one not at all dangerous.

Most actors, when supposed to be killed on the stage, immediately become stiff, as if they had been frozen to death two or three days. How unnatural is this!—and when carried off too, they wish to shew that they are not only dead, but stiff: this in reality proves them to be not only alive, but very strong.

Miss *K.* The body remains flexible for some time after death.

Miss *Eve.* 'Tis not every poet, painter, or actor that sudies anatomy; neither does every painter know, like you, how to introduce this greatness. In this piece you are not, like Rubens, content with ornamental splendour, with the combination of opposites reconciled, or harmonized by balancing.

Miss *K.* This splendour is nothing else. The figures, it may be observed, are often dressed in black satin, to balance the strengths. This manner, which Westall now practises, may be learned by considering your remark for a few moments.

Miss *Eve.* Will you repeat the executive principles which constitute the merit of the generality of artists? such as mere copyists, engravers, &c.

Miss *K.* Precision clears every thing; strengthening the shadows in their middles imparts force and mellowness; the gradations produce warmth; and attention to the angles on the outside gives accuracy. In splendid pictures, not only precision, but the reflections and the shadows from objects being very apparent, with broad lights and shades, and the balancing of

opposites, produce the effect of the sun shining on the piece.

Miss *Eve.* Reynolds compares the golden or warm yellow manner of Titian to the rays of the setting sun; Rubens' florid style to a nosegay of flowers; and Barrochio's laky manner, he says, makes the figures look as if they were fed on roses. Here Sir Joshua is wrong: feeding upon roses would not make people look florid; it would make them look pale: but it is ornamental to write about gold, silver, roses, diamonds — about the silvery tint of Guido, and the golden tint of Titian.

That figure puts me in mind of Earl Douglas, in *Chevy Chase,* where that nobleman is thus described:—

> Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
> Much like a baron bold,
> Rode foremost of the company,
> Whose armour shone like gold.

I observe that it is very commonplace among painters of battles, to put a white horse loaded with colour towards the middle of the picture, by the centre of vision, to make a central mass of light.

Miss *K.* No doubt, Miss Eve, you have many paintings of battles in your cellection?

Miss *Eve.* I have two Michael Angelos, a Brescianino, three Bourgognonis, five Salvator Rosas, two Gioseppinos, a pair of Lingelbachs, three young T. Wykes, a Kuyp, a Knupper, a Rugandas, a pair of Nollets, two Rices, and three Jongs.

Who are the painters of the battle-pieces in your collection?

Miss *K.* Besides several by painters whom you have mentioned, I have four R. van Hoecks, a Celza, a Francisca, a Gaal, a Stomma, a Strada, three Peter van Bloemens, two Valerio Castellis, two Franks, a Crabbitje, two Berckmanns, a pair of Vogelsangs, and three old Vandermuirs. Many other painters have excelled in battle-pieces.

Miss *Eve.* Vandermeulen, Paternier, Paul de Vos, the two Marks (Estevan and his son Miguel), have much merit in this way; as have also Pandolf, Poriz, and Don Francisco Ricci.

Miss *K.* Yes; and likewise J. Schellink's, Lilio's, Ligozzi's, Cornelius de Waal's, and old Justus van Huysum's battle-pieces are in high and deserved repute among connoisseurs.

Miss *Eve.* In your Battle of Hastings did you copy after any of these?

Miss *K.* Besides availing myself of Masacci and Polydore, I took a few hints, a sort of points from which to start, from Julio Romano, Tibaldi of Bologna, and Goltzius.

Miss *Eve.* From Goltzius of Venlo?

Miss *K.* No; from his son Henry, of Mulbrack.

Miss *Eve.* Henry Goltzius is a sort of caricature of Michael Angelo Buonarotti's style. He carried the blown-bladder principle to a daring excess.

Miss *K.* Yes; with his bloated corpulence he makes the art ridiculously apparent; yet much may be learned from such copyists in every department. They make every merit so excessive, that it passes the line and becomes a fault — just as virtues when carried to excess degenerate into vices. This

may be particularly observed among colourists. When the colours should be bluish, reddish, yellowish, or any other colour, they make every colour so to such a degree, that the method of the original becomes very apparent.

Miss *Eve.* When you spoke of the executive principles just now, you omitted noticing the rule that the comparing of the lights with each other, and the classing of them, as 1, 2, 3, &c. and the comparing and classing of the shadows also, are productive of harmony; or that the variety of tints in tender differences or gradations gives richness in the masses of light; that the subordination of the detail, breadth in the masses, breadth of touch, square drawing, discrimination of surfaces, drawing outwards, the flourishing flow, contribute their various excellencies; likewise that giving the general character of every thing, as objects appear at the proposed distance, and working here and there, about and about, according to your expression, produce lightness or sketchiness, make every thing look as it were alight, impart a fiery appearance, give a due balance, and put all the parts well together.

Miss *K.* Yes, I remember I made these observations. These principles and those I just now mentioned, constitute nearly the whole merit of copyists, particularly engravers and draughtsmen, at least those that only copy, and also those who draw figures (considered in that light alone) at royal academies, with the addition of anatomy and the proportions.

Miss *Eve.* I observe, that bad academy figures on coloured paper are almost always very white, and seem as if they wanted dusting, especially at the lower extremity. The best figures are conformable to the rules you have mentioned, and to these they owe their excellence. Good copiers, I observe, make the half tint of the paper serve as much as possible; they keep the black and white chalk separate from each other, and generally throw the latter upon the upper part, as about the bosom; on the most beautiful parts, which are generally the upper parts; making the shades darkest, and the lights lightest, in the middle. I find that light, half tint, shadow, and reflex, make every object, every limb appear round. If I was a young man, and drew at a royal academy, I feel that I should knock these principles about and about with such sketchy freedom, touching here and there, often with a blunt chalk or crayon, as to animate the R. A.'s with the liveliness of my manner.

Miss *K.* Many a true word is spoken in jest. Indeed, Miss Eve, I think you would dash in character, life, expression, force, lightness, &c. so as to surprise others, and even yourself. You would consider *the whole together*, that is, all the principles; and under the influence of this general feeling, your works would be excellent. There is such a correspondence between the mind and the hand, that what the former feels, the latter expresses, provided there is also an acquaintance with the rules.

I propose to go to-morrow to an auction, to buy a battle-piece, by Rinaldo Santo, called *Il Tromba.* This artist excels in horses.

Miss *Eve.* Reynolds says, that Rubens painted the horse better than any other master. I admire the horses of Jordaens, a pupil of Rubens.

Miss *K.* Reynolds painted excellent horses himself: indeed he excelled in every thing. This was owing to his painting objects, not as they are, but as they appear at the given distance. What nature here presented he dared to follow: hence much of his merit.

Miss *Eve.* The horse is a beautiful animal. How many convex, flowing lines his parts present! What poet has best described the horse?

Miss *K.* I think Virgil, in his *Eneid.*

Miss *Eve.* Will you repeat his lines?

Miss *K.* They have been thus rendered by Dryden :—

The fiery courser, when he hears from far
The sprightly trumpet and the sound of war,
Pricks up his ears, and trembling with delight,
Shifts pace, and paws, and hopes the coming fight;
On his right shoulder his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at speed and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black and round,
His chine is double, starting with a bound,
He turns the turf and shakes the solid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his nostrils blow,
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

Miss *Eve.* This is very excellent. I admire also that description in Tasso, where Argillon is compared for fierceness to a horse :—

As when to battle bred the courser freed
From royal stalls, now seeks the wonted mead,
There unrestrain'd amid the herd he roves,
Bathes in the streams and wantons in the groves;
His mane dishevell'd down his shoulders spread,
He shakes his neck, and bears aloft his head;
His nostrils flame, his horny hoofs resound,
And his loud neighing fills the valleys round.
So Argellon appears, so fierce he shows,
While in his looks undaunted courage glows

Homer's description, to which his successors have been evidently indebted, is also very beautiful :—

—— The pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,
Breaks from his stall and pours along the ground;
With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,
To bathe his sides and cool his fiery blood.
His head now freed, he tosses to the skies,
His mane dishevell'd o'er his shoulders flies:
He snuffs the females in the well known plain,
And springs exulting to the fields again.

Miss *K.* Among the many sublime and excellent descriptions in the Bible, the following, in Job, can scarcely be surpassed :—"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible; he paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men; he mocketh at fear and is not afraid, neither turneth he back from the sword: the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thundering of the captains and the shouting."

Miss *Eve.* I often read the Scriptures, and peruse with great attention the history of our people, the ancient children of Israel.

Miss *K.* Indeed, the Jews must find much to flatter them in the Bible. God often calls them his peculiar people.

Miss *Eve.* It is somewhat re-

markable that Michael Angelo Buonarotti and Raphael d'Urbino, so often termed the *Divine*, from the celestial gracefulness of his works,—that these two best painters among the moderns should have the same names as the two archangels, and that their characters should correspond, the one being so sublime, the other the model of grace and gentleness.

Miss *K.* It is said, that there are seven of these principal angels. In *Tobit* xii. 15, Raphael says to Tobit and his wife Anna—"I am Raphael, one of the seven holy angels which present the prayers of the saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy One."

Miss *Eve.* Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, has very strictly preserved this character of sublimity in one and gentleness in the other.

I observe, it is very common-place among the poets and painters, to represent a horse pawing with his foot, staring, snorting, champing, foaming, and whisking his tail. A poet or painter gains a great deal by seizing only what is common-place.

Miss *K.* Much of what is common-place is introduced into this Battle of Hastings, but is known to be such only to those who are intimately acquainted with what has been already done, to one in a hundred, or perhaps it would come nearer the truth to say, one in a thousand. This sometimes procures the reputation of originality. So much has been done by others, that were we really to invent, it is likely that we should only hit upon something that has been better done already. This consideration led Reynolds to observe, that the more we copy, the better and more original will be our inventions.

Miss *Eve.* Reynolds also says, "I am not afraid to repeat it too often: you must have no dependance on your own genius." It is curious, that the narrowest intellects believe in the powers of unassisted genius, that they are in a high degree favoured with this quality; and that, on the other hand, the greatest geniuses say, that the native force of the mind, or, in other words, unassisted genius, is a deplorable weakness.

But to return to the Battle of Hastings:—how very muscular you have drawn William the Conqueror! he looks like one of Michael Angelo Buonarotti's figures.

Miss *K.* This successful invader was very muscular: his strength is said to have been so great, that no man in this kingdom at that time could bend his bow or sustain the weight of his armour.

Miss *Eve.* With what a clear, clean precision you have drawn his muscles!

Miss *Eve.* It is very easy with a clear pen to draw a sketch with this extreme sharpness, that great source of clearness, which almost any schoolmaster can attain in writing: but even in a finished picture, I not only preserve this clear line or sharp termination at the very centre of vision, but also take off the sharp crudeness of this continued line by softening and blending, and also sometimes make the parts lighter and at others darker behind this outline; and at others, again, so much like the colour or shade, that the outline can be traced

only in the distant effect. These antagonists to clearness give a mellowness to my pictures——

Miss *Eve.* Which I never perceived in the works of any other painter, except Sir Joshua Reynolds. This, I suppose, and his giving the general character by a liberal, grand, scientific conception of what was before him, greatly contributed to his excellence.

Miss *K.* Yes; he was always considering the whole together, always working under the influence of this extensive idea——

Miss *Eve.* Which made him the best painter that was a native of this country, and the best portrait-painter that ever lived in it, except Vandyke and his master, Rubens.

I should like to copy some prints, to acquire this mellowness of drawing: which would you recommend?

Miss *K.* *The Sleeping Child*, *Ariadne*; the portraits of *Dr. Sam. Johnson* and *Admiral Keppel* in mezzotint, by Wm. Doughty, from pictures by Reynolds, whose pupil he had been. The tone or degree of tint, as it relates to the intermediates between black and white, and which may be called engravers' colouring, is here better preserved than in any other prints that I know.

Miss *Eve.* I suppose these prints are shade upon shade, without the crudeness of an outline, which make the engravings look so much like paint or paintings.

Miss *K.* Yes; you will also find this merit in these prints: our present engravers are like our present painters, they have much to learn before they attain perfection, or reach the excellence of many of their predecessors.

Miss *Eve.* 'Tis a pity our engravers are not so excellent as they were: this country has now no Bartolozzi, Sherwin, or Strange, as it had twenty years ago.

Miss *K.* The engravers in general are much better than they were; but their works do not approach to the excellence of either of the three you have just mentioned.

Miss *Eve.* You say the engravers in general have made some improvement, by rebiting their plates and introducing more breadth and tone; that is, keeping down the lights to take away chalkiness, and giving greater variety to these, in which Doughty's prints so highly excel.

Miss *K.* Yes; and they begin in general to know somewhat more of the perspective of the stroke, particularly Bromley, who comes nearer to Sherwin than any other.

FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Continued from p. 273.)

THE SCREEN OF CARLTON-HOUSE

HAS been censured as a solecism in architecture; for a peristyle of columns supporting nothing, and without either real or apparent utility, can hardly be defended as consonant to judgment or good taste: neither does the façade, before which they are placed, require any concealment—it is sufficiently ornamental in itself. Had the contrary been the case, the architect might have been justified in having recourse to a screen. Perhaps it

was his intention to inclose the area in front of the house, to render it more secluded, and, at the same time, to present a more ornamental object than blank wall. Still, as this screen is merely ornamental, it is not sufficiently so—it should have been copied from the most highly decorated example of the order extant, and the columns should have been fluted. After all, an insulated range of pillars, however rich, has too great an appearance of insecurity to please. We should have preferred an order of Caryatides, as in the Pandroseum of Athens; or had the court been sufficiently spacious*, a double peristyle, forming an open portico, with a magnificent arch in the centre, and inclosed by an elegant palisade. Thus a full view of the beautiful portico would have been admitted in a most picturesque manner through two ranges of columns; which, by forming a corridor, would, at least, have had a sufficient appearance of utility to rescue them from that imputation of absurdity attached to the present screen.

We hope that, among the projected alterations of the Regent's palace, some improvement in this most conspicuous part will not be forgotten.

EXAGGERATIONS OF DESCRIPTIVE WRITERS.

The ingenious gentleman of La Mancha was perpetually mistaking miserable inns for palaces, and country wenches and chambermaids for nymphs and princesses. Some modern tourists and dealers in description appear to have laboured under a similar fatuity: their good-nature is so unbounded, that they willingly believe (at least would make their readers believe) every snug country-box to be an elegant villa; every house of more than common dimensions to be a palace: their pen, like the wand of a harlequin, transforms each object that it describes; and they are as liberal of their commendatory epithets as an auctioneer, or puffing advertiser, whose hyperbolic style they imitate nearly "passibus æquis."

Even grave encyclopædists do not appear to have entirely escaped this infection: for instance, in describing London, one of them characterizes the Adelphi as "a most magnificent mass of building." Not content with asserting it to be magnificent, he ascribes to it a superlative degree of magnificence, thereby challenging a comparison between this pile and the most celebrated pieces of architecture. If mere extent were sufficient to constitute magnificence in building, the Adelphi might then have some pretensions.

The writer could hardly be daring enough to presume, that it would for a moment admit of a comparison with Somerset-House, Greenwich-Hospital, the Louvre, or many other edifices of still inferior rank: yet if it does not, what meaning does the sentence convey? Mr. Cumberland more justly terms the building in question,

> The pile fraternal upon Thames's bank
> Which draws its title, not its taste, from Greece.

Why the writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* should choose to

* As in the Palais du Corps Legislatif, at Paris.

bestow such exaggerated praise on the Adelphi, can be accounted for only, by supposing that his judgment was biassed by his national partiality. The Adams were natives of Scotland, and as such might have more merit in the estimation of a Scotchman than Palladio himself.

It is undoubtedly our duty to encourage native genius; to regard with an honest pride those works of art which are indigenous to our own country: yet we must not overrate them. Artists should be cosmopolites; should divest themselves of illiberal prejudices, and pay homage to genius, whether native or foreign.

ORNAMENTED COTTAGES

May be considered as anomalies, which reject all rules but those of caprice. They possess the formality of regular architecture, without its richness or elegance; and the mean form of the cottage, without its picturesqueness. A common rustic habitation, with its patched thatch almost covered with moss and lichens, its clay walls beautifully tinted by the stains of the weather, its small casement partially concealed by the foliage of some plant, exhibits an object worthy to be represented on the painter's canvas, not a model for the builder. To imitate by rule that which is the result of accident, is ridiculous; it is "cum ratione insanire."

If we must have picturesque cottages, we ought to reject the rule and compass; not to demand a design from our architect, but a sketch from the port-folio of the draughtsman, and leave the completion of the work to Time, who will here be found to be the best workman; otherwise our efforts to attain picturesqueness will prove abortive, and the spruce building bear as correct a resemblance to the cottage, as shepherdesses of the Opera-House to the peasant girls of Gainsborough.

Among the many designs for cottages, published of late years, not one can be termed picturesque. This may be considered as too severe a censure; but where is the painter who would venture to introduce them into his landscapes? and if they cannot stand this test—if unfit for representation in painting, with what propriety can they claim the epithet picturesque? The builders of those cottages which the artist and lover of the picturesque so much admire, never aimed at any thing further than economy and convenience; for whatever they possess of the picturesque, they are indebted to time and casualties alone. The tattered garment of a beggar is picturesque; yet we do not so far sacrifice comfort and decorum to picturesqueness, as to wear rags.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

The tours made by this gentleman through different parts of the kingdom, although perfectly agricultural, yet contain some very good accounts of seats, and shew the author to be possessed of a correct taste in architecture and painting. It is to be wished that they were republished, separate from the main body of the work, with additional matter respecting those changes which may have occurred since their first appearance, and descriptions of those seats which Mr. Young did not visit, the whole arranged in alphabetical form, as the *Ambulator* is. This latter is a

very clever and useful book, although it appears in so humble a form; it contains much information comprised in a small compass, and judicious criticisms. Why have we not county tours on the same plan, cheap and portable? As Sterne says, they manage these things better in France; there they consult the pocket of every class—they exhibit their galleries and works of art both in magnificent folios and humble octavos.

WINGS.

Whenever the offices form the wings to a mansion, they ought to be ornamental, and made to accord with the character of the centre. This, however, is far from being generally the case; in many instances they are quite destitute of ornament, and but very ill assimilate with the rest of the building, thereby giving a mean appearance to the whole; an example of which may be found at Buckingham-House, where the offices are paltry, and disfigure the area which they might have contributed to adorn. It will perhaps be alledged in defence of this mode, that ornament is not required in buildings which are intended merely as lodgings for servants, and for domestic purposes: certainly not an *equal* degree of decoration with the main pile, yet sufficient to make them harmonious; otherwise, if from motives of economy it be judged proper to bestow on them no more than what convenience demands, let them be removed out of sight, and not occupy so conspicuous a situation; if they cannot be beauties, at least do not permit them to become blemishes. To see such heterogenous parts assembled together, as is too frequently the case, reminds us of the first lines of Horace's *Art of Poetry:*

Humano capiti, &c.

GARDEN BUILDINGS.

Buildings constitute a considerable part of ornamental gardening: judiciously employed, they assist in heightening the impressions made by the surrounding scenery, and frequently give a more decisive air to its character. Yet it often happens, that number, rather than excellence, appears to have been aimed at: when crowded, they tend more to destroy than create grandeur; and when executed on too trifling a scale, convey a paltry air to the landscape.

In buildings of this kind, the architect may give scope to his fancy; or may produce exact copies of the noble monuments of antiquity, executed on a corresponding scale. Indeed, it is better to have but a single edifice of real grandeur, than a number of little seats and temples not superior to the common painted decorations of a tea-garden. If ruins are introduced, either Gothic or Roman, let there be some appearance of plan to assist probability: let them have at least an imposing air; which, if it cannot prevent them from being censurable as violations of truth, may yet hinder them from being contemptible as pieces of art. In buildings intended solely for utility, we cannot blame economy; in those of ornament, any sacrifice of beauty is unpardonable. If the expence is too great, why introduce them at all; since, unless they delight the spectator by their elegance, they disgust him, not only by their deformity, but their

would-be beauty. Horace has told us, that mediocrity in poetry is not to be tolerated: in every one of the fine arts, and all their branches, it is the same; if we cannot attain excellence, we may dispense with them altogether. The plainest building, if it makes no pretensions to appearance, may pass uncensured; if any attempt at ornament is perceived, it becomes ridiculous. A Grecian portico placed (and that sometimes very awkwardly) against a plain wall, containing merely apertures for the windows, is most contemptible; it is the bathos of taste: an instance may be seen in the new Surgeons' College, Lincoln's Inn Fields. But it is needless to particularize instances of so common a deformity: we have beheld a farm-house, whose front was nearly concealed by *five* massy pillars of the Grecian Doric order. "Risum teneatis amici?" may it ever continue to be an unique! If we are too parsimonious to erect monuments of architecture, let us not, under pretence of embellishment, disfigure our streets by these crude abortions, composed of, or, to speak more justly, jumbled together with parts the most discordant.

(To be continued.)

Plate 33.—ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE ROCK-SALT MINES AT NORTHWICH, IN CHESHIRE.

The rock salt, with few exceptions, is ascertained to exist only in the vallies of the river Weaver and its tributary streams: in some places manifesting its presence by springs impregnated with salt; in others being known by mines actually carried down into the substance of the strata.

At Northwich the brine-springs are very abundant, and many mines have been sunk, for the purpose of working out the fossil salt.

The brines are generally formed by the penetration of spring or rain waters to the upper surface of the rock salt, in passing over which they acquire different degrees of strength, according to a variety of circumstances. The brine is pumped out of the pits by steam or other engines, and first conveyed into large reservoirs, and then drawn off, as wanted, into evaporating pans made of wrought iron, and the residuum is white salt.

The importance of the Cheshire salt-manufacture will be obvious from the statement, that, besides the salt made for home consumption, which annually amounts to more than sixteen thousand tons, the average quantity sent to Liverpool for exportation has not been less than one hundred and forty thousand tons annually.

Rock salt was first discovered about one hundred and forty years ago, at Marbury, near Northwich, when searching there for coal. The rock salt of Northwich occurs in two great strata or beds, lying nearly horizontally, but on different levels, and separated, the superincumbent from the subjacent stratum, by several layers of indurated clay or argillaceous stone, which have an uniform thickness of thirty

...rton del.[t]

J. Bluck

SALT MINE.

N° 66. of R. ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY of ARTS &c. Pub. 1 June 1814, at 101 Strand London.

to thirty-three feet, and are irregularly penetrated by veins of the fossil salt. The thickness of the upper bed of rock salt at Northwich, and which is generally found at about one hundred and ten feet from the surface, is from sixty to ninety feet; that of the lower bed has never yet been ascertained in any one of the mines in this district. The workings in this lower stratum are usually begun at a further depth of from sixty to seventy-five feet, and are carried down for fifteen or eighteen feet through what forms the purest portion of the bed. In one of the mines a shaft has been sunk to a level of forty-two feet still lower, without passing through the body of rock salt; thus ascertaining the thickness of this bed to one hundred and twenty feet, and no direct evidence, that it may not extend to a considerably greater depth.

No marine exuviæ, or organic remains, have been found in the strata situated over the rock salt.

In every part of the rock are found separate crystalline concretions of muriate of soda, variously disposed--sometimes occurring distinctly in the cubical form, in other places in masses of larger size and irregularly shaped. The colour of these concretions, which are of the foliated species of fossil salt, is usually a greyish or milk white: they are always translucent, and often attain a considerable degree of transparency.

In some of the pits, where pillars, eighteen or twenty feet square, form the supports of the mine, the appearance of the cavity produced by the workings of the mine, is singularly striking; and the brilliancy of the effect is greatly increased, if the mine be illuminated by candles fixed to the sides of the rock. The scene so formed would almost appear to realize the magic palaces of the Eastern poets.

The present number of mines is eleven or twelve, from which there are raised, on an annual average, fifty or sixty thousand tons of rock salt. The greater part is exported, and the remainder employed, in the Cheshire district, in the manufacture of white salt by solution and subsequent evaporation.

The great body of the rock presents to the eye a confused red mass, varied here and there by crystalline portions of salt. The surface of an horizontal section of the rock presents various figures, distinctly marked, and differing considerably in the forms which they assume, —some nearly circular, others perfectly pentagonal, and others of irregular polyedral figure. The lines which form the boundaries of these figures, are composed of extremely pure white salt, forming a division between the coarse red rock, exterior to the figure, and the equally coarse rock included within its area. Those bordering lines or rims vary from two to six inches in width. The figures themselves differ greatly in size; some of them being less than a yard in diameter, others as much as three or four yards; and they very frequently are observed one within another, gradually diminishing in size to a centre.

With respect to the theory of the formation of rock salt, little doubt can exist of the general fact, that the beds of this mineral have been formed by deposition from the

waters of the sea. This is probable, from the situation in which these beds usually occur; and the circumstance of the beds decreasing in thickness as they recede from the sea, may be admitted as an argument in behalf of the opinion. It is difficult, however, to give a satisfactory account of the consolidation of these beds of salt.

We are indebted for the above to a very ingenious paper, read before the Geological Society by one of its honorary members.

Few articles are more essentially necessary to human comfort, than salt. In domestic use, it enters into almost every culinary preparation. It is a most important article of commerce, both in the unmanufactured rock, and in the white salt made by evaporation, either by the solar heat or fire. Our fisheries for herrings, pilchards, &c.; those of cod on the great banks of Newfoundland; the sea-stores for our navy; our butter, cheese, and a thousand other articles, are dependant on salt for their preservation and extensive usefulness.

The late visit of the Right Hon. Mr. Canning, has called the public attention peculiarly to the Cheshire salt-mines: it gives us the greater pleasure to be permitted by a friend, who, during the last summer, visited one of the Northwich salt-mines, to lay before the public a copy or sketch which he made of the appearance of the mine, memoranda of his descent, taken for the assistance of his own recollection, and which we here present to our readers, persuaded, that they will feel not less interest than we have taken in the sight and perusal of them.

"The river Weaver is at Northwich of depth sufficient to float loaded vessels of 100 tons, which are here called flats; and I was informed, that nearly seven hundred such vessels (the average cost of which is nearly one thousand pounds) are employed in the salt and coal trades on the Weaver and Mersey rivers to Liverpool. From the number of steam-engines pumping up brine, or working up rock from the pits, the air was dark with smoke, and the roads to the works black with the falling soot, among which, particles of salt glistened in the sun-beams. The blackness of the salt-houses and lofts, and their age and condition, give the place a rather dismal and ruinous appearance.

"The rock pit-house at Dunkirk belongs to Messrs. Marshalls, whose polite invitation to see the pit, I thankfully accepted, and Mrs. —— with much courage consented to accompany me. The mouth of the pit may be about 12 feet by 8, and the inside, for some little way down, lined with battens. It is framed round and defended by a railing. When not used, it is covered by a strong wooden top, moved by a small windlass in the surrounding railing. In an adjoining room is a steam-engine, to work the salt up by large iron-bound buckets, suspended from a flat rope-work of four two-inch ropes, united sidewise, so as to lie quite flat round the cylinders and rollers. As one of these buckets ascends loaded with about half a ton of rock, the empty one descends.

They become invisible at about half way down the depth of the pit, and the first sight of the ascending bucket is as a small fluttering cloud, expanding as it approaches to more distinct vision, and the time of the whole ascent takes nearly five minutes.

"When we were informed that preparations for our visit were completed, we got into the tub, in which we were placed tolerably comfortably. The novelty of the undertaking did, in defiance of our endeavours, excite something like fear: but there was no expression of fear, or even an intimation of reluctance, and we began our descent with the appearance of much resolution.

"When we had descended about 100 feet, and familiarity had banished every thought of danger, we suddenly stopped with a considerable jerk, and remained stationary. We were then in a minute or two drawn up and lowered alternately, two or three times; and this did excite a suspicion, that something was wrong, as we were persuaded there must be a cause for it: and while anxiety was saying, What can all this mean? we were suddenly wound up to the pit's mouth, and the tub relanded.

"The cause of our sudden and unexpected return to the light of the upper world, was an accident to the rope, which had slipped from the horizontal over the shoulder of a perpendicular roller, and was jammed so tight as to require the strength of the engine to extricate it. This had not been without some danger of breaking the rope by which we were suspended. It was, however, soon rectified, and we began immediately to descend.

"We passed through the upper bed of rock salt which was called the old mine. It appeared of a large extent, and the alleys were illuminated with several hundred candles, to shew us their great length all round us. Our carriage was stopped a little while, that we might enjoy the sight; but we did not alight there, and soon proceeded till we got down to the lower mine, 336 feet from the pit's mouth.

"On alighting from our vehicle, we were struck with the peculiarity of the scene. The first *coup d'œil* amazed us! we appeared as if in an immense, solemn, and awful temple. Around the walls of an extent of full three acres, lighted candles were placed so as completely to shew that extent, and lighted candles were also stuck around each of the massy pillars of salt. To increase the awe with which the mind was impressed, silence prevailed throughout for awhile, and was then broken only by the heavy blows of the hammers with which the workmen were preparing the rock for blasting by gunpowder, while workmen, near and at a great distance, passing to and fro between us and the lights, seemed like dark shadows, and greatly aided the idea of enchantment.

"Round the spot on which we alighted, there was a circle of faint glimmering of daylight from the shaft by which we had descended. Except this, there was none but candle-light, and even the more than a thousand candles which gave their light, did not illuminate the extent, more than to shew the verge and render darkness visible.

"The roof is about 22 feet high from the floor, and is very neatly finished, exhibiting numerous light

circles, as if globes of salt had been transversely cut, and is of pretty appearance. These globular forms, of which the rock originally consisted, have given rise to some conjectures, but none of them have been satisfactory.

"The ceiling, sides, and pillars were wrought by tools very neatly, and exhibited the appearance of a variegated Purbeck stone, with frequent glitterings, as the crystals of salt reflected the passing light.

"The floor was even and soft, from the dry dust into which the salt was ground by the feet of the miners and the wheels of the heavy trucks which convey the rock under the shaft. The floor is constantly reducing, by taking away a depth of about 3 feet; and when the whole is taken, then another similar depth is commenced.

"The air was pleasingly warm and constantly dry.

"Besides the portion taken from the floor, the workmen were enlarging the mine on one side, and detaching the rock, and then breaking it, to send in the tubs up the shaft. The principal and most forcible mode is by gunpowder. With a long iron chissel continually worked on the salt, the rock is perforated to the depth of 3 or 4 feet. This is then charged with a few ounces of powder, on which a long straw filled with powder is placed, to serve as a fuse; loose salt fills up the hole, and is rammed hard into it. The men having lighted the fuse, retire, and the explosion soon succeeds. It is calculated, that about four tons weight of rock are separated by each "shot;" and as the men prepare for each by picking away in the several desired directions, that the shock may operate on particular portions, they can, in general, depend upon the result.

"Several of these small mines had been prepared to be sprung when we should be present, and we were much gratified by the novelty of the scene. The noise was as of thunder rather near; and when its majestic sound had ceased in the pit in which we were, we heard it renewed in the upper mine through which we had passed in our descent; and again, when it finally escaped at the mouth of the pit.

"The rough parts of the rock salt may be said to resemble coarse brown sugar-candy; yet many parts are not equal to this, but rather more like an inferior Purbeck stone; while some most beautiful specimens were occasionally found, of a lively cherry-red, and sparkling with small crystals; and other specimens, in almost die-square crystals, nearly white, translucent, and many transparent.

"The ladies were politely furnished with tools by the workmen, and shewn where to provide themselves with some of the best specimens, to shew to their friends when they should return to the world from which they were now so deeply distant, and to keep as memorials of their remarkable visit.

"The workmen usually descend into the pit about half past six in the morning, to begin their labour by seven o'clock; and they continue, with little intermission, till three in the afternoon, and then quit, that they may not over-exhaust their strength, which has sufficient exercise by eight hours ex-

ertion. They work by companies, and are paid rateably by the ton, according to the quantity of rock sent up, and of which an account is kept by an excise officer, who always attends whenever salt is drawn from the pit.

"On looking up the shaft to the light, we could see the head of a person looking down, but at the distance the head appeared hardly so large as the closed hand of a person near.

"It would be unjust not to notice the very great civility of the workmen, and the cleanliness, neatness, and order in which every thing is kept; the singularly dressed appearance which the circular marks gave to the ceiling and the pillars, which were all finished as if tooled off by masons, and exhibited an even, if not a polished surface.

"We remained in the pit about an hour and a half, which very soon passed away. It would be difficult to describe the feelings of the mind during our subterraneous visit. The scene excited a sense of solemnity and grandeur to almost a degree of awe; it increased by the recollection which frequently recurred, that, when above, we had pointed out to us some ponds of deep water occasioned by other rock-pits having fallen in, and the excavation being filled with water; and that we were then embowelled in the earth beneath an immense mass of stone, and between 300 and 400 feet below its surface, so that but for machinery (and we had just experienced that this was not of absolute certainty), we were for ever cut off from the enjoyment of the society and the comforts of the world. The mind seemed to labour under the weight of these considerations, and to be relieved in the prospect of again ascending to behold the cheering light of the sun.

"Our ascent occupied about five minutes, and on safe arrival we were received and complimented by the friends who had waited our return."

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

One fine morning in autumn, Linval was taking a walk in the Tuileries at Paris, and found an open billet containing the following lines:—"If the person who happens to find this paper is disposed to perform a benevolent action, he is requested to enquire at No. 340, Rue Saintonge, for Eugenie de Mirande.

"P. S. Such as may not be inclined to assist an unfortunate mother, are entreated, at least, not to hinder others, and to throw the billet again where they found it."

Linval, the best dancer in Paris, was just humming a new tune; he picked up the paper, and, after reading it, whisked it up in the air with his cane and pursued his walk.

The next person who noticed it was an elderly man, simply dressed, who was hurrying to the public office in which he had a place, because it was already late. He contrived, nevertheless, to spare so much time as was necessasy to read the billet; which, however, shrugging up his shoulders and raising his eyes to heaven, as much as to

say, *That is no concern of mine*, he carefully replaced in its former situation.

He was followed by a farmer-general, one of those moderate people who are satisfied if they can clear 3000 livres a day; who, elated by their wealth, give themselves airs of such consequence, and of whom La Bruyere says, that they "hem loud and spit far." At first, he kicked the billet along with his foot, but his curiosity being excited, he took it up, threw his eye over it with a scornful smile, amused himself with tearing it in small pieces, at the same time muttering, "An impudent imposture!"

The next morning a similar billet lay on the same spot. The first person who read it, took down the address in his pocket-book, and replaced the paper. Next came a young couple, who had not long been married, and picked up the billet. Julia, who expected in about three months to become, for the first time, a mother, said to her husband, "Let us go, my dear: what we can offer is little, to be sure; but, in many cases, a little may save the unfortunate from despair. Come, let us go!"

They accordingly went. After they had found the specified number in the Rue Saintonge, they learned, that the house was inhabited by an old physician, who had retired from practice, and was thought to be rich, and had an only daughter distinguished for understanding and talents. They ascended a handsome staircase, and were ushered into an apartment on the first floor, which was furnished not magnificently, but with great taste. They enquired for Eugenie de Mirande, and a lady, young, elegant, and accomplished, made her appearance. She requested her visitors to step into a saloon that seemed to be the haunt of the Muses. Books, drawings, and musical instruments were intermingled, and formed by no means an unpleasant contrast with the neatness and order which every where else prevailed. The young couple could not conceive where persons in need of assistance were to be sought in such a habitation.

"I fear, madam," said Julia, that we are wrong. We found a billet with your direction in the Tuileries, and expected to meet a distressed person to whom we might have afforded some relief; but all that we see here seems rather to indicate opulence, than to call for the exercise of benevolence."

Eugenie replied, with some embarrassment, that she was merely the interpreter of a very unfortunate female, who, from a relic of pride, wished to remain unknown, but was certainly deserving of compassion. Julia expressed a wish to become acquainted with this lady. "I am no stranger to distress," said she; "before me she would have no occasion to blush." Eugenie declined to gratify her in this particular; observing, that misfortune had made her *protégée* so shy and mistrustful, that it was extremely difficult to gain her confidence.

"Has she any children?" asked Julia.

"Three; and her husband, whose labour procured a scanty subsistence for his family, is just dead,

after a long and expensive illness."

"Good God! what a melancholy situation!—And how old are her children?"

"They are all very young. The eldest is a girl of five years."

"I shall myself soon be a mother," said Julia," and the fate of the little unfortunates affects me the more deeply. I would gladly take one of them, but my own infant will demand all my care. However, permit me to send you a packet of little articles for the children; for I cannot suppose that this family, protected as it is by you, can be in want of the absolute necessaries of life."

Eugenie cordially thanked her in the name of the unknown lady, promised to take care of her present, and noted down Julia's name and address.

No sooner had Julia and her husband retired, than the same object brought a young man to the house. "I beg pardon, madam," said he to Eugenie, "it is not you that I want, but Eugenie de Mirande."

"I am the person."

The young man was not less staggered than Julia had been, and received the same explanation. Affected by the story, he offered his assistance. "I am not rich," said he, "but a bachelor may, with a little frugality, always put by a little for the relief of the distressed."

"Sir," replied Eugenie, "there are cases in which money cannot afford relief. There are other ways in which the interference of the benevolent may prove infinitely more serviceable to the unfortunate."

"Of what nature is the interference that your friend stands in need of? Speak out. Upon your recommendation, I will cheerfully undertake whatever lies in my power."

"Then excuse a rude question, on account of the motive which prompts it:—Are your connections such that you can obtain access to the minister?"

"No, madam. My father possesses a small estate in the neighbourhood of Paris, the value of which has been doubled by his industry; but he never appeared in the antichambers of the great, and, God be thanked! he has no occasion for them. Easily satisfied, I shall once share, with five beloved brothers and sisters, the patrimony left by my father, and hope that the minister will never hear my name; unless, indeed, your friend stands in need of an advocate to plead her cause. In this case, I am ready; only let me know in what way I can serve her."

"It was found necessary," replied Eugenie, "to destroy some grounds which my friend's husband had planted and laid out at a great expence, because the safety of our army required it. It is an indemnity for this loss that she solicits."

"And is any patronage required for this?"

"Not exactly, for the claim is just. But you know how often such matters are protracted in the public offices, and even wholly forgotten. It would therefore be an essential point to accelerate the affair."

"The best way would be, to address a short, but strong, memorial to the minister."

"True; but how to draw it up —there lies the difficulty." Here

a pause succeeded. "Might I request that favour of you?" resumed Eugenie, with a look of modest entreaty.

"I will do it with pleasure, and should have offered at first, had I been aware of the circumstances."

"I don't doubt it," said Eugenie. "But I am not yet sufficiently acquainted with the matter."

"You shall know every thing."

Here her father entered the room; she quickly informed him of the object of the visit, and on receiving a sign from her, the old man asked the stranger to dinner any day that might be convenient. The day was appointed, and Dumont (such was the name of the visitor) was punctual in his attendance to receive the promised instructions. The dinner was cheerful and free from restraint. The party conversed on all kinds of subjects, excepting the business which brought them together. The stranger thought Eugenie very accomplished, very sociable, and--at last too, very handsome. After dinner she detailed all the particulars of the cause which he had undertaken. He listened with the utmost attention, promised in two days to produce the memorial, and was as good as his word. It was concise, clear, and energetic. Eugenie read it with evident pleasure. "It is written with much warmth," said she herself, with great emphasis. "Were I the minister, you would be sure to gain your point."

Dumont blushed, and stammered some reply.

"Complete your work," continued Eugenie: "you know how powerfully such a petition is supported by impressive words and action on the part of the petitioner. Procure my friend an audience of the minister, that she may deliver the memorial to him in person."

Dumont went away, and after an interval of eight days, during which he had moved heaven and earth to accomplish his purpose, he exultingly entered Eugenie's apartment. "To-morrow," said he, "your friend will be admitted. Let her only produce this note, and every door will be thrown open to her." Eugenie thanked him with ardour. "But," said she, "a female, naturally timid and depressed by misfortune, would scarcely be able to present herself to advantage, if she were to appear unattended. Could you be prevailed upon to be her conductor?"

This last favour was a sacrifice for Dumont; but he was by this time incapable of refusing Eugenie any thing: it is likewise possible that he might be stimulated by some degree of curiosity to become acquainted with the mysterious *incognita*. He promised to come the following day to be introduced to Eugenie's friend. The night before this remarkable day Eugenie made the following reflections:— This young man evidently possesses a solid character and a good heart. His figure is not amiss. At first indeed he seemed not to take particular notice of me—but he has since made ample amends for this inattention. As for my father—has he not told me a hundred times, that this was *my* affair? he can have no objection. From all the information that I have obtained, the young man's account of himself is strictly true in every respect; but that was manifest enough

at the very first look. The frankness and sincerity of his behaviour inspire confidence — I like this candour.—But does he like me? Perhaps his heart is already engaged.—O no! no! in that case he would not have eyed me with looks so significant that it is impossible to mistake their meaning.

Eugenie slept but little, rose early, dressed herself with more than usual care, and was more fascinating than ever. Dumont appeared at the appointed hour, looked about him, and said, "Is she not come yet?"

"No," replied Eugenie with some emotion.

"Well then, I'll wait."

He then took a chair and seated himself beside her at the breakfast-table. They began to speak on various topics, but some how or other the conversation was repeatedly broken off. Long pauses, filled up by eloquent looks alone, intervened. Dumont coloured. He was sensible of it, and this consciousness would have quite confounded him had not Eugenie blushed too. This flattered his heart and gave him fresh courage.

"I cannot help blessing the accident," he at length began, "to which I am indebted for your acquaintance."

Eugenie's downcast eyes were fixed on her heaving bosom.

"Your kind behaviour, sir," said she, "has made a deep impression upon me, and will never be effaced from my remembrance."

His eyes were now cast down in their turn, and a painful silence again ensued. At length Dumont formed an heroic resolution:—"I know not whether I do right," said he, "but in truth I can no longer disguise my feelings, which you must, I dare say, long since have guessed."

She had in reality long discovered them, but in such cases women never have compassion enough to shorten a poor fellow's embarrassment; it is absolutely necessary to speak out in plain terms; and thus Dumont also was at length obliged to pronounce distinctly the word *Love*.

No sooner was this barrier, guarded by shame and timidity, broken down, than the conversation proceeded in its usual rapid course. Enquiries were made respecting each other's taste, way of thinking, family connections, and so forth; and answers returned with such loquacious confidence, such undisguised sincerity, that two hours passed unobserved, till at length Dumont recollected, that the stranger was not yet come.

"Neither will she come," replied Eugenie. Dumont's looks betrayed his surprise. "Would you be really angry," she resumed, "if my whole story concerning my unfortunate friend were a fabrication?—if it were invented to procure me if possible the acquaintance of a man whose attachment to me should not flow from any impure source?"

Dumont stared; but without any appearance of anger.

"Many suitors," continued Eugenie, "have solicited my hand, perhaps because they thought me handsome, or because I am rich. None of them came up to the model which my imagination had pictured. I lost my mother at an early age. My father became my

friend. He permitted me to make this trial—rather a bold one to be sure; to which, however, I could always give such a turn as I pleased."

Dumont was almost petrified.—"Then my memorial ——"

"That," said she, "I will preserve as an honourable monument of your talents and goodness of heart."

"And what do you mean to do with the author?"

"To make him my husband, if he consents."

Dumont sunk at her feet, but she raised him in her arms, and a glowing embrace sealed the happiest union that was not originated by Cupid, though indeed the little urchin had seriously interfered in the progress of the business. The first time they went abroad together was to pay a visit to the benevolent Julia.

THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. V.

"The pleasure naturally arising from the contemplation of works of painting and the other imitative arts, a pleasure felt by, and common to, the people in common life, of all nations and characters, will of necessity find its vent in society, in some channel or other."

HOARE'S *Enquiry*.

PERHAPS the following desultory cogitations on art, may be pardoned at a time like the present, when the artist, resting from his labours, is awaiting the meed of applause which his abilities demand, and the public are crowding to those depositories which his genius has contributed to adorn. "Pray, sir, is it a good Exhibition this year?" is a question continually put by those who wish to know something of the polite arts, to those who flatter themselves, either from a natural predilection, from a fancied taste, or from being on an intimacy perhaps with some mongrel painter, that they are capable of relishing art, as it is applied to pictures. That it is absolutely necessary for a person so addressed, to have some answer *cut and dried* for the occasion, that may satisfy the curious enquirer, without depreciating his own judgment, is pretty evident. You may, indeed, get out of the scrape, by a wise shake of the head, or a shrug of the shoulders: these are to be recommended, because they will invariably impress an idea of censure, which is necessary, if you would be thought a very profound judge. On this account, I would always advise the mysterious. I have practised this plan myself, several times, with effect; in fact, it has never failed to answer a general purpose. But I have met with a class of still more curious enquirers, who wish to analyze every Exhibition, and to be informed whether this last is better, and in what degree, than the preceding one. This, I confess, has staggered me; and I hereby declare myself unable to satisfy those who wish to know, if, in this Exhibition of the arts, termed polite, we make a regular annual improvement.

There are people, however, much more knowing than I am. *One* Joshua Reynolds has said, that it was some time before he could relish

the works of the divine Raffaelle, and much longer before he dared to criticise them. But to overhear a party at Somerset-House, you would fancy pictorial criticism is as easy as eating an egg. The modern fine lady drawls out her antipathies, and the fashionable lounger exclaims, "Devilish bad, 'pon my soul!"

Drawing, in particular, has taken so large a stride, as to leave the mere amateur at a distance. The productions of the pencil must be somewhat superior, to amuse the domestic circle, and the very natural cow of Master Bobby, or the flower-pot of Miss Biddy, are no longer regarded with admiration. Well do I remember being the Apelles of the school; yes, I drew every thing as natural as life, until the improvements of the Sandbys, the Girtins, and Varleys discouraged me so much, that I became an admirer, who was once also an imitator. There are other persons who date an academy's perfections from its classical attractions. Lawrence's *Kemble* or *Siddons*, West's *Bard*, the pencil of Wilkie, or the productions of Turner, have rendered of none effect many minor excellencies; many a gem of art is overlooked, many a beautiful cabinet-picture unheeded, while the public, judging by quantity instead of quality, give most praise to that picture whose dimension covers the greatest space of wall.

If the eye of man were not over fastidious, if native talent were duly appreciated, and if no lurking propensity still shewed itself in praise of foreign artists alone, the followers of Du Bos and Winkelmann must confess, from the many exhibitions of English painters now thrown open to them, that they, no longer bowed down under the density of a heavy atmosphere, are really capable of producing works of genius. From the motley mixture of an Academy Exhibition, I am not prepared to particularize germs of human perfection. While the gentlemen of the hanging committee are allowed to *tone* down, or bring out their pictures in preference to their humble rivals; where the productions of ability are kept down by a different light from that in which their pictures were painted, merit, without interest, can have little chance. I therefore do not consider the Exhibition as a proper ordeal in general for works of art, where often the production of great abilities lurks in a corner, and where dogs or horses obtrude themselves in places where historical subjects have alone a right to appear. It is true, that in a public exhibition-room all must take their chance, but when once admitted, all further competition should cease. But while those in power have the privilege to favour their own productions, while their unprotected neighbour is doomed to suffer by other means than those the artist could foresee, comparisons are incorrect.

I shall leave, then, the Royal Academy, an establishment which affords another proof of the imperfection of all human plans; I shall leave an institution where the student is obliged to get forward as he can; where no professor is seen to take the poor tyro by the hand; whose library is kept from their eye, save a few hours in one day in the week; and pass on to another exhibition, called the Society of Water Colours. Here I shall view

that fine production, *The Judgment of Solomon*, a composition that will confer immortal honour on the artist who painted it, and the age in which it was produced; a work which, I was going to say, only wants the name of Raffaelle to make it perfect. To descend from this to the water-colour drawings that surround it, is to contemplate smaller causes as great effects. Shall I be ungrateful for the pleasure I received from the drawings of Varley, and be pardoned if I do not mention names nearly as illustrious as his? I hesitate not in saying, that his works, *The Plot of Rising Ground*, and *Thomson's Grave*, are every thing that poetical feeling could combine and pencil execute. I dwell on these, because they took so forcible a hold on my imagination; they so strongly chained my feelings, that I have not forgotten the sensation they produced; and I do conceive, that a contemplation of these two pictures would administer repose to a mind maddened by fury itself. The contemplation of such subjects produces a calm highly stimulative to the feelings of humanity, as a view of nature, in her mildest mood, fills the heart of sensibility with piety and adoration.

From this exhibition I would lead my reader to Westall's Gallery. I would bid him tell me where he has seen so splendid a piece of colouring as his *Dioclesian and Damocles*, where such blazing gold, such depth of richness as in his reds and blues. After having viewed all these, if he will not believe that English genius can achieve ancient excellence, I will take him to the British Gallery, and there convince his wavering mind, that Englishmen, under the encouragement of peace and her Leo, could produce works worthy of ancient art. The British Institution have conferred a favour on the British public, in furnishing them with a view of such works, which deserves our utmost gratitude.

Before English art had received a moiety of the encouragement which it now has, it produced works that might have adorned a Florentine gallery.

But for the exertions of the managers of this gallery, we (at least hundreds of us) would never have been acquainted with the excellencies of a Reynolds, a Wilson, or a Gainsborough, a Zoffany, or a Hogarth. I contend, that the *Sophonisba* of the latter is not the bloated cook-maid I had heard her represented, and that his colouring is as rich in effect, as his combination of humour is irresistible. Away then with the common-place, the hackneyed complaints, that the living race of English artists are not equal to those whom death has closed in the tomb; that the same feeling which animated the Carracci and Caravaggio of old times, has drooped for ever. They would not, were they living, thank us for propping their excellence on our incapability. Have we not a proof in the Titian of Mr. Ward, with other copies of his cotemporary artists, how near they may be approached? Let us, then, properly value the talents we possess, instead of deploring what once existed, and what perhaps derives much of its celebrity from the difficulty of possession.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XXXIX.

Somnia quæ ludunt animos volitantibus umbris,
Non delubra deûm, nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
Sed sua quisque facit.

It is observed by Mr. Locke, that "*Dreaming* is the having of ideas, whilst the outward senses are stopped, not suggested by any external objects or known occasion, nor under the rule or conduct of the understanding." Such is the definition given by this great and accurate philosopher, of a state which has hitherto baffled the enquiries of metaphysical men as to its precise cause and nature. Is it the action of the corporeal organs, or is it merely the operations of the soul, freed from the power of the senses, and acting in the full enjoyment of its own peculiar properties? If the organs alone produce our dreams by night, why not our ideas by day? If it be the soul acting from itself, and uninterrupted by the intrusion of the senses, whose suspension is the only cause of our sleeping ideas, whence is it, that they are almost ever irrational, irregular, incoherent, and often impossible? Can it be that in the time of the soul's most abstract quietude, its imagination would be the most confused? It must be allowed, that in all our ideas in sleep we are entirely passive: our will has no share in these images: we seem to think for several hours together, without having the least inclination to think, or any certainty that we do think. Superstition has always dealt much in dreams; and they make as great a feature of ancient history as the oracles themselves. The following observation, however, will, I believe, be found to be universally true:—that those dreams alone, and they are comparatively very few, which are followed by somewhat of an accomplishment, become the subjects of narrative and reflection, while the others are not thought worthy of remembrance. But I shall leave this perplexing subject, in which I have often bewildered myself, to communicate a very curious and interesting dream which I this morning received from one of my correspondents.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Paragoric-House,
May 10, 1814.

Sir,

I do not pretend to have formed any opinion concerning dreams; many learned ones have been given on the subject, and you may, perhaps, be disposed to favour your readers with such reflections as they may have suggested to you. But, at this time, I particularly wish to ask your opinion, whether it would not be an eligible plan to try to live without sleep: but observe, if you please, that I allude merely to myself, who dream so much, and am often in such hurries and bustles, that I should think it would wear out my mind, and therefore be in a greater degree prejudicial to me, than the want of rest would be to my body. In short, without any further introduction, I dreamed the night before last, that I was conveyed, but by what means

I do not recollect, to a country fair. The booths were beautifully decorated, the situation of the place perfectly picturesque, the lads and lasses neatly dressed, and every one apparently happy. Among the crowd I perceived a sweet little boy that seemed to give delight to many, though occasionally he met with a frown; but by one of his arch looks it was soon converted into a smile.

On enquiry, I found that his name was *Fun*, that he was the offspring of *Wit* and *Whim;* but, as they had neglected his education, *Pity* took him to *Good Sense*, whose residence was chiefly in the country. The latter consulted with his friend *Wisdom;* when they selected *Virtue* for his nurse, recommended *Industry* as his companion, and proposed, as he advanced in years, that *Knowledge* should be his preceptor. He was allowed occasionally to mingle with the *Sports;* and he himself was so attached to *Good-Nature*, that they were constant playmates at the season of recreation: but, at length, he unhappily got acquainted with *Mischief* and *Idleness*, which proved very injurious to his future life.

I next discovered him in my dream, grown up and arrived at a great city. Here *Fun* was almost always in company with *Riot*, who led him into many scrapes, and soon introduced him to *Extravagance*, with whom *Vanity* constantly resided, while *Fashion, Dissipation*, and *Luxury* were her constant associates: *Vice*, too, and her *hangers-on* were frequent visitors. In many of her select parties, *Fun* met his father *Wit;* and, where *Cheerfulness* presided, he was a welcome guest; but seldom remained long in crowded assemblies, or where cards and dice were seen to predominate. His mother *Whim* he often found at the fêtes of *Extravagance*, and *Dress* and *Folly* were commonly of her party. Among the frequenters of this mansion, many appeared in the garb of *Friendship*; but, on being investigated by *Truth*, they turned out to be *Flattery* and *Falsehood*: *Love* also might be found, but *Flirtation* never failed to animate the assemblies. *Envy* was generally in the room; and *Discontent* and *Ill-Humour* often sat in the corner; while *Extravagance* received every possible attention from *Wealth, Rank*, and *Power*.

As my dream continued, the scene of gaiety appeared suddenly to undergo an unexpected metamorphosis; as *Fun*, on paying his usual visit to *Extravagance*, was very much surprised to find that *Melancholy* had new-modelled the house. *Misery* opened the door; *Want* and *Woe* stood in the hall, and they informed him, that it was now become the abode of *Care*. He heard the voice of *Censure* loud in reprobation; and *Report* busy in telling all, and more, than had happened. *Remorse* now touched the heart of *Fun*, and gave it a poignant, but momentary sensation; and *Error* convinced him, that the path he had taken would not lead to *Joy*. *Persuasion*, feeling for his situation, recommended his return to *Good Sense*. He accordingly set out, but on his way was joined by *Hope* and *Fear*. The timidity of the latter had almost made him change his design; but the courage of *Hope* conquered, and, though far from his old home, he travelled on, amused at times by *Drollery* in his way;

till at length he saw the dwelling of *Good Sense*, to which he directed his steps. At first, it seemed in a mist, but that gradually dispersed, and, by a cautious approach, he arrived at his old abode. *Compassion* recollected him, and made his arrival known to *Good Sense*, who ordered *Patience* to admit him. He received him with open arms, but pointed out to him the follies he had committed, and how he might avoid a repetition of them. *Pleasure*, who was a spectator, supported the genuine character of *Fun*, and undertook to be security for his future good and unoffending conduct. His former guardian then counselled him to shun *Gravity*, but to make *Reason* and *Prudence* his guides; promising also to reconcile him to *Virtue*, who is ever ready to pardon and overlook those errors in others which she never commits herself. She soon approached, arrayed in all her native charms; and, as she clasped *Fun* to her bosom in a warm and animated embrace, I started, and awoke.

You may, perhaps, expect me to apologise for not having given some account of those lively sallies of pleasantry and unluckiness, I will not say mischief, to which *Fun* is so well disposed: but the fact is, that my dream shewed me none; and had it been otherwise, I should not, I think, have ventured to describe them, as my experience suggests to me, that I have seldom known his tricks to be such as to please in the relation; their merit is in the actual performance. Besides, different persons have different opinions respecting him; and it would be a sensible mortification to me, if you and I should disagree on the subject. For often has it happened, that I have seen a whole company very differently affected by his pleasantries and practical jokes. Some have laughed, others looked grave, and a few might discover contempt.

Thus, sir, I have given you a full and true account of my extraordinary dream, which, when I awoke, was as strongly impressed on my remembrance, as if the fancies of it had been real occurrences in life.

I am, with great respect, your obliged, humble servant,

PETER POPPYFIELD.

I have been informed, or I have read, that Gay, in his Epitaph, had originally used the word *dream*:

> Life is a *dream*, and all things shew it;

and that the word *farce* was afterwards substituted at the suggestion of Swift.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. R. WINTER has circulated proposals for publishing, by subscription, *A History of Whitby, the Abbey of Streonshalh, and Mulgrave Castle;* the History, Antiquities, Mineralogy, Botany, Biography, and other local knowledge, comprehended within the limits of twenty-five miles round Whitby. To enhance the utility of the work, a correct map of the district will be given, the basis of which is obtained from the unparalleled survey of Lieutenant-Colonel Mudge, the coast from the author's own observations, and the places of less

note have been copied from Mr. Tuke's excellent map of Yorkshire. A fine view of the town and abbey will be given in copper-plate, besides vignettes, &c. cut in wood.

A work on *Egypt*, *Syria*, *Asia Minor*, and *Greece*, is in preparation for the press, under the care of Mr. Walpole. The materials are taken from unpublished documents, journals, and papers of English travellers, who, during a late period, have directed their attention to the antiquities, geography, and natural history of those countries. According to the arrangement pursued by the editor, he has assigned the first place to some remarks on the antiquities of Egypt. These will be found to possess intrinsic value, as they were the result of a patient and laborious survey of the monuments to which they refer. The theodolite was frequently employed; and the plans and the dimensions both of the catacombs of Alexandria and the pyramids, have been corrected and improved by repeated and rigorous examinations. An account of a journey to Suez, to the mounts Horeb and Sinai, to the rock of Meribah, and to the Jebel el Mokatib, together with some observations on the manners, customs, habits of life, and character of the different classes of the inhabitants of modern Egypt, succeed to the remarks on the antiquities of that country. With regard to Syria, the reader will peruse with pleasure the narrative of a traveller, whose route, in the year 1802, conducted from Tripoli to the ruins of Balbek, and onward to Damascus; thence northward by Homs and Hamah, to Aleppo; and through the plain of Antioch, watered by the Orontes, to Alexandretta. Some new and interesting remarks will be found on parts of the extensive region of Anatolia; and in this portion of the work an account is given of some of the cities on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont, which have escaped the curiosity and research of most travellers. A survey will be added, of the antiquities and remains upon the Troad, without any reference to the supporting or invalidating of any particular theory. This will be succeeded by a narrative of a journey through the plain of Bacramitch, up to the summit of Ida. Some full and satisfactory details will be given concerning Lemnos and Andros, two islands of the Archipelago, which have been but seldom visited. A collection of Greek inscriptions, which have not yet been published, will form a separate chapter; and a dissertation will be appropriated to the discussion of the causes of the gradual decay of the Greek language under the Byzantine sovereigns.

Mr. John Gifford, author of the Life of Pitt, &c. &c. has announced *A General History of the French Revolution*, from its commencement to the present important era, including a preliminary view of the reign of Louis XVI. and comprehending annals of Europe for the last twenty-five years. The author, having long had the composition of this work in contemplation, has collected a vast mass of materials, to enable him to give it that degree of authenticity and interest which are essentially requisite in historical productions. The recent triumph over the principle of the revolution, in the establishment of

a free government, raises the event in the estimation of mankind, and by bringing this great political drama to a happy *denouement*, renders it a proper subject for the labours of the historian.

Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, has announced the speedy publication, in 4to. and 8vo. of the *Original Journal of the late Mungo Park*, during his second journey into the interior of Africa, in 1805, and transmitted by him to his Majesty's Secretary of State; also a translation of the Arabic journal of Isaaco, a native African, sent some time afterwards from the river Gambia, in search of Mr. Park, and who brought the interesting particulars of his melancholy death. A biographical memoir of Mr. Park, and several original letters and papers, will be prefixed.

Madame de Merck, widow of General de Merck, formerly governor of the fortress of Valence, has announced by subscription, in French, *A Narrative of the Captivity and Death of Pope Pius VI.* drawn up by her late husband. Independently of the interesting nature of the narrative, this work will contain many curious circumstances, unknown to the public, which the author's peculiar situation allowed him to observe; among others, an account of the general's endeavour to bring the pontiff to England. It will form an octavo volume, embellished with portraits of the Pope and the author, who died in the British service.

The portraits of many distinguished characters of the reign of George III. from the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, are now engraving, and are to be published under the title of *Iconographia Reynoldsiana*.

Mr. Craig has opened a unique, rich, and tasteful Exhibition of his own Drawings in Water-Colours, in Lower Brook-street. He very properly describes this branch of art as *native*, and the perfection to which he has brought it, proves that it is an honour to the country. Mr. Craig has shewn, in this collection, that water-colours are applicable to every variety of subject, and, in the hands of a man of genius, are susceptible of the freedom of execution, boldness of effect, and display of *chiaro-oscuro*, which have usually been considered as exclusive powers of oil painting. In this exhibition we find compositions in history, landscape, marine subjects, cattle, flowers, portraits, and still life. We have not room to notice particular pictures, but *the Servants robbing the Larder*, *the Cook*, *the Portrait of Mrs. Howe*, and some of the cattle species, possess a degree of merit which, in this branch of art, have never been exceeded.

The lovers of art will be gratified to learn, that the patronage and success of sculpture in London, is not inferior to that of painting. In this department we long boasted of a Bacon, and we now have a Flaxman, Bacon, junior, Westmacot, Nollekens, Garrard, Chantry, and some others, whose labours are successively adorning our cathedrals and public buildings. Mr. Flaxman, whose monument of Lord Mansfield, and illustrations of the Lord's Prayer, are master-pieces of British art, and whose entire works indicate so exquisite a taste and so perfect a knowledge of the antique,

is at this time engaged upon a noble statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, for the cathedral of St. Paul's; and another of Lord Nelson, for the same mausoleum, which we praise sufficiently when we observe, that it is worthy of its subject. He has also nearly completed, for the cathedral of Exeter, a beautiful monument of that able man, the late General Simcoe; and a statue, of a colossal size, of the brave, but unfortunate, Sir John Moore, for the city of Glasgow, of which he was a native. Among Mr. Flaxman's smaller works may be named a shield of Achilles, after the description of Homer, of which he has recently finished two or three compartments.

A vault in the church of St. Maryport, Bristol, was lately opened for the purpose of an interment, when it was discovered to be too full to admit another coffin without being sunk deeper. The situation is precisely under the remains of a monument, which, from its style, must have belonged to the times of Henry VII. and has been always called the tomb of William Little, the Bristol grammarian; over which is a tablet, erected to the memory of Thomas Kington, of Notton, Wilts, Esq.—The oldest of four coffins which were removed had been in the vault only 16 years; but all of them were quite decayed, and their inhabitants mingled with their kindred dust. Upon breaking up the bottom of the brick work, and digging down a few feet, the spade struck upon a hard substance, which was soon discovered to be a coffin of lead, being about 15 feet below the surface, without any inscription. It was taken up, and the next morning examined in the presence of several gentlemen. The lead was of considerable thickness, and contained a thick shell of red deal, with the interstices stuffed with straw. When the lid was lifted up, some gas of a soapy odour escaped, and the whole became perfectly inoffensive. A very interesting spectacle presented itself. There lay, in a most perfect state of preservation, the body of a robust man, measuring six feet two inches. The flesh in some parts resembled supple brown leather—in others it was quite white, and bore a natural appearance—in others again, it appeared fatty. The features were perfectly distinct; the teeth regular; the nose projecting; the eyes so little injured that the transparent part was still pellucid, like horn. The hands, in admirable preservation, rested upon each thigh; and scarcely a bone of the toes was wanting. The throat was swollen very much under the lower jaw, giving the idea of strangulation. The hair was cut off in a ragged manner over the whole head, and was not to be found at all. The head itself rested upon a pillow, composed of blue and white striped tick, stuffed with feathers, not different in any respect from those in common use. The body was wrapped up in a quilted counterpane, blue outside, and worked within, curiously, with red roses in bud. There was nothing resembling what we now call grave-clothes. Under the counterpane was a wove doublet, buttoned down in front with small wooden buttons, worked with thread; with long skirts and an overflap collar, in the costume

of Oliver Cromwell's time. Under this was a fine linen shirt, with a worked neck-piece; and on the legs, a pair of wove brown woollen stockings, but no shoes. Upon the hands had been a pair of leather gloves, which had fallen to decay. From the chin to the top of the head, passed a blue and white linen handkerchief, figured, and tied very firmly in a handsome knot, probably to retain the lower jaw in its place. The body having been carefully lifted from the shell, the latter was minutely examined, as well as all its furniture, together with a quantity of hemp, forming a bottom layer; but not the slightest trace of any thing metallic could be found; not a mark upon his linen, nor an iota which could lead to a knowledge of his person. Two professional gentlemen examined the state of the subject itself. The lungs were somewhat shrivelled and black; but the heart was in such a perfect state, that its vessels, cavities, and valves, would have admitted of an anatomical demonstration, as easily as a recent one. It was quite white, felt like soft chamois leather, and was evidently converted into that substance which the chemists call *adipocere;* being an inferior sort of spermaceti. The midriff was completely so changed. The liver had a yellow crust of this substance, the eighth of an inch thick; deeper down it was but imperfectly formed; and towards the centre, this organ appeared qu te fresh and natural. The bowels \ ere shrivelled, and an entire curiously coiled-up mass of spermaceti appearing, quite covered with crystals. The muscles in front of the ribs, upon the loins, on the thighs, and, in fact, every where, were more or less converted into a brown dirty-looking fatty substance. The gristles were elastic; and the bones quite firm, fresh, and sound. The weight of the body has been apparently a good deal diminished, although the limbs had yet considerable plumpness.

M. Sementini has availed himself of Berthollet's important discovery of the hyperoxygenated muriate of potash as a medium of restoring suspended animation.—Among other extraordinary properties possessed by this substance, is that of containing nearly a third of its weight of oxygen, which, when exposed to a moderate heat, is reduced to the state of gas. The apparatus with which he operates, consists of a retort placed upon a spirit-lamp, having its neck screwed into a cylinder of wood, from which a flexible leather tube conveys the gas to a pair of bellows, that forces it into the lungs. By this apparatus M. Sementini has restored to animation one person supposed to be drowned.

Messrs. Sobolewsky and Horrer, of St. Petersburg, have employed wood for the purpose of producing inflammable gas. The pyroligneous acid obtained in this operation, when freed from the tar with which it is mixed, is applicable to all the uses of vinegar. A cubic cord of wood equal to 2·133 French metres (a metre being something more than an English yard), yields 255 Paris pounds of charcoal, and 70 buckets of acid. The latter gives 30 pounds of tar, after the extraction of which 50 buckets of good vinegar remain. The same quan-

tity of wood furnishes 50,000 cubic feet of gas, sufficient for the supply of 4000 lamps for five hours.

A letter from Major-General Bonham, governor of Surinam, dated Dec. 2, 1813, communicates the following curious fact, which, at the period of writing, might be witnessed in his house:—A wiry haired Scotch terrier bitch having lost her puppies, was then suckling a kitten, a marmouset monkey, and a lamb, sometimes separately, sometimes together. No art whatever had been used; the kitten first attached itself, then the monkey, and lastly the lamb, which had lost the ewe.

Sir William Gell, the topographer of Troy, Ithaca, and Argolis, during his last visit to the plain of Marathon, procured, among other valuable remains of antiquity recently found on that interesting spot, two engraved stones, which, from the devices, are supposed to have belonged to the Persians slain there in the battle so celebrated in Grecian history. The anxiety of some English travellers to possess antiquities of this description, has so enhanced the value of these gems, that Sir William could not obtain them under a price amounting nearly to twenty-five guineas each. The conjecture concerning the origin is corroborated, and their value consequently raised, by the circumstance of four others of a similar kind being found in Persia by Sir William Ouseley, during his travels in that country. Among a variety of brass arrow-heads, brought also from Persepolis by Sir William Ouseley, some are said to resemble those which have been found on the plain of Marathon.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*Mayence Walse*," *with Variations for the Piano-Forte*, by Gelinek. Pr. 2s. 6d.

Of the theme for these variations, the trio which succeeds the walz greatly surpasses the walz itself; and the variations are so contrived, that they alternately represent the walz and the beautiful trio. As the 11th variation succeeds the coda appended to the 8th, we have in vain looked for variations 9 and 10. The merit, however, of those that are given, is certainly of the first order; graceful sweetness, brilliancy, and skilful arrangement are every where conspicuous; and players that feel seriously desirous of improving their taste along with their execution, will thank us for pointing out this and other publications of Mr. Gelinek's, as proper means to attain those objects.

"*The De'il's awa*," *a favourite Scotch Melody, as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte*, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 2s.

If in this rondo we discover nothing beyond those general and, as it were, innate merits of Mr. Cramer's harmonic Muse, we feel inclined to ascribe the cause to the ungrateful subject he has chosen for the basis of his labour. Not but it offers abundance of that neatness of classic harmony and that habit of apposite diversification of ideas which are inseparable from the author's experienced pen; but we miss novelty of thought and combination, and, with some exceptions, that flow of elegant sentiment which we have so often had occasion to admire in his works. It is those works which have formed the scale of our expectations ap-

plicable to Mr. C.'s productions; a scale which has rendered us so far fastidious, that what in many others we should feel called upon to eulogize, we consider as neutral matter of course, when bearing his name.

Six Country Dances and thirteen Walzes, for the Piano-Forte, composed by Beethoven. Pr. 3s. 6d.

Mistrusting our own judgment, we adopted the innocent stratagem of submitting these dances to a friend of musical skill and taste, concealing withal the name of the composer, and leaving him to guess it. Without mentioning what name our friend hit upon, we shall only say, that it was any thing but *Louis* van Beethoven. The respectability, however, of the publishers being to us a sufficient guarantee, that a Beethoven is really the author, we investigated the book anew; and, on a careful examination, occasional glimpses of Beethoven's manner, both in melody and in harmony, seemed to strike our ear; although it appeared to us quite clear, that it did not require the talents of the author of "The Mount of Olives" to produce either the six country dances or the thirteen walzes before us. The latter, oddly enough, are invariably in the key of D; and Nos. 4, 6, and 9 appear to us entitled to a preference: of the country dances our partiality leans to Nos. 1 and 4. As pieces for practice, however, we wish to recommend the whole to the attention of the advancing pupil; he will not find them quite so easy as they look; and, we think, will feel well repaid for the little application which occasional niceties in the accompaniment demand of him.

La joyeuse Rencontre, or the Landing at Scheveling, a new Military Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, in which is introduced the popular Air of Orange Boven, composed, and dedicated to the Hereditary Prince of Orange, by T. Haigh. Pr. 3s.

More *political* music! but, considered as an occasional effusion, certainly of a superior stamp; such indeed as we had a right to expect of the author, from the opinion we formed of his talent by some late labours of his. The introductory andante is respectable; and the march which follows it, deserves very favourable mention on more than one account. Its determined character, scientific arrangement, and select modulations, render it altogether an interesting movement: we confess, however, that, taken altogether, it resembles more an overture than a march. The lively air of Orange Boven has given Mr. H. an opportunity of launching into a variety of fanciful and diversified evolutions, of which we distinguish the portions in a minor mood, as deviating praiseworthily from the hackneyed routine of minor imitations.

"Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands," grand March and quick Step, for the Piano-Forte, with Flute Accompaniment, composed, and dedicated to the Hereditary Prince of Orange, by John Purkis. Pr. 2s.

The march and quick step are set in one flat, and entitled to favourable mention. In the former, although some of the ideas are not new to us, we observe a character of precision, regularity of periods, and proper connection; and its

trio, in which the flute takes up the melody, is very pleasing. The quick movement, with its minor, and little coda, is likewise spirited and agreeable. The whole publication is of easy execution, which circumstance, together with its purity of harmony, warrants us in recommending Mr. P.'s labour to juvenile practitioners.

The Crown Prince of Sweden, grand March and military Walz, for the Piano-Forte, composed by M. Holst. Pr. 2s.

Even the Prince Royal of Sweden receives here a Pæan of musical admiration from one of our loyal composers, whom the martial spirit of the age has seized equally with the rest of the British nation. The first movement, a march, we look upon as indicative of the martial character of his Royal Highness's first *débût* on the fields of Saxony; while the last, a walz, seems to represent the *delassemens* at Cologne and Liege. Mr. Holst's style is not the most modern or lightsome, but his music has the merit of correctness and steadiness. This observation applies particularly to the march: the walz will be found more in the present fashion, and therefore more popular; but, unconsciously perhaps to the author, some broad reminiscences from a walz of Mozart's and from Martini's *Cosa Rara*, have found their way into Mr. H.'s staves.

"*The Rose,*" *a favourite Song, sung by Mrs. Ashe at the Nobility's Concerts, composed* by F. J. Klose. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Excepting one or two harmonical oversights, such as, for instance, *p.* 2, *l.* 2, *b.* 2 (where there is a want of coincidence between the voice and right hand), we can aver, that this air, in F major, has given us great pleasure. The melody is tasteful, delicate, and well devised, to suit the artless tale of the text; and the accompaniment, without being overcharged, possesses all that kind of variety which well chosen transitions of chords can impart. The one into G major (*p.* 1, *l.* 3, *b.* 4,) is somewhat sudden. The poet's metrical incorrectness has brought the composer into the dilemma of giving "wash'd" two quavers, by which the word drags awkwardly. The same sensation is caused by the four semiquavers assigned to "fill'd." The English language is very unfavourable to extensions of this sort. This by the way, without at all detracting from the aggregate merit of the song before us, which we consider as a highly favourable specimen of the author's talents for vocal composition.

"*Strike the warbling Lyre,*" *a favourite Glee for three Voices, composed* by J. C. Nightingale, Organist of the Foundling Hospital. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Without any thing peculiarly original or impressive, this short vocal trio moves on respectably through a very usual progress of melody and harmony. Its correctness of construction, however, and the smoothly connected track of its melody, render it recommendable to plain singers. The termination with the third of the key does not afford the repose looked for in a final conclusion.

The Allied Pleasures in Paris, composed for the Piano-Forte, and most respectfully dedicated to His Excellency Field-Marshal von Blücher, by Wm. Grosse. Pr. 3s.

The author of the above has, on a recent occasion, given musical evidence of his German patriotism in so handsome a manner, that we should have felt surprised not to have seen his pen set in motion by the successes of his countrymen in France. The "Allied Pleasures" which have emanated from this praiseworthy impulse, have certainly the merit of great variety. After an introductory "Grand parade march," of respectable gravity, the whole of the coalesced forces lay aside their swords and spurs, and fall to dancing, every one according to his country's fashion, either in a "Grand imperial Russian walz," an "Austrian laendler," a "royal Prussian walz," a "Galloppade," or a "Cossack" pas seul; and when the whole company have singly displayed their national dancing abilities, all join merrily in a "Toutes ensemble," as the author terms it. A composition thus launched at short notice, must not be judged with the eye of rigid criticism; it would not be manners to look for an awkward step or two in the Russian or Austrian skipping, and thus disturb the *Allied pleasures.* The Prussians, as they fought best, here dance most to our mind.

PLATE 34.—THE OLD BAILEY.

THE accompanying view exhibits a representation of the north end of the street called the Old Bailey; the Sessions-House being on the right; Newgate in the centre; and part of St. Sepulchre's church on the left.

The SESSIONS-HOUSE, separated from Newgate by a tolerably spacious yard, though not an inelegant modern building, is not equal to what a stranger would expect to find in the criminal court of the metropolis of a rich and mighty empire. It is built of stone and brick, the entrance being in the front which faces the prison. Here sessions are held eight times in the year for the trial of offences committed in London or the county of Middlesex, before three of the twelve judges, the lord mayor, the aldermen in rotation, and the recorder. The sheriffs also in general attend. The juries are composed of householders for offences committed in the city, and of freeholders and leaseholders in Middlesex for the county.

The city of London, as it is well known, was in ancient times surrounded with a wall, some remains of which yet exist in the street thence denominated London Wall. In it were several gates with posterns, resembling Temple-Bar; and one of these was Newgate, which ran across the western extremity of the street of that name. A gaol is recorded to have stood here so far back as 1218; it is described as a most miserable dungeon, and was rebuilt by Sir Richard Whittington, when it received the name which is yet retained. This edifice was destroyed in the conflagration of 1666, and again rebuilt in 1672, with greater strength and more convenience for prisoners, though nearly on the former plan. As one

of the entrances to the city, this was not an inelegant structure, but as a prison, "the builders," says Mr. Howard, "seem to have regarded in their plan nothing but the single article of keeping prisoners in safe custody." The rooms and cells were so close as to be almost the constant seats of disease and sources of infection, which was dreadfully exemplified in 1750, when the contagion of the gaol fever was communicated to a great number of persons in the Sessions-House, and proved fatal, among others, to the lord mayor, two of the judges, many of the lawyers, most of the Middlesex jury, and several of the spectators. In consequence of this disaster, a machine was placed on the top of the prison, to promote the circulation of fresh air, the building was thoroughly cleansed, and every other precaution taken to preserve the health of the prisoners. At length it became so ruinous as to be declared incapable of repair, and the first stone of the present structure was laid by Alderman Beckford, during his second mayoralty, in 1770. The site of the Gaol and Sessions-House was given by the city of London, and including £50,000 granted by Parliament, the cost of those two edifices exceeded £130,000.

The building was not quite finished when it was destined to feel the effects of popular fury roused into acts of the most atrocious violence by Lord George Gordon, in 1780. On the first day of this tremendous Anti-Catholic frenzy, several of the rioters had been taken and committed to this prison. On the 6th of June, however, the mob, whose audacity was increased by the feeble opposition made to their lawless proceedings, repaired to Newgate with the avowed determination of liberating the culprits. On reaching the prison they required Mr. Akerman, the keeper, to deliver up their comrades, and upon his refusal, some began with ladders to scale the walls, while others with pickaxes and sledge-hammers broke open the doors and entrances to the cells, and several were busily engaged in collecting combustibles and throwing them into the keeper's dwelling-house. What contributed greatly to the spreading of the flames was, the great quantity of household furniture belonging to Mr. Akerman, which the rioters threw out of the windows, piled up against the door, and set on fire. The flames soon communicated from the house to the chapel, and thence through the prison; all the inhabitants of which, to the amount of 300, including four under sentence of death, and ordered for execution on the Thursday following, were released. By the conflagration the building was reduced to a mere shell, and the walls considerably injured. Mr. Dance, the city surveyor, estimated the sum necessary for repairs at £30,000: the House of Commons voted £10,000 for commencing the work; subsequent applications were made by the corporation, who were thus enabled to finish the edifice as it at present appears.

NEWGATE is described by Mr. Malcolm as "a black, dreary rustic wall, broken at intervals by niches, partially filled with statues and grated windows."—"The most indifferent spectator of the horrid

front of this human sepulchre," says the same writer, "must perceive, that the size is totally inadequate to the purpose for the enormous city of London. Besides, the keeper's apartments occupy a considerable part of the building, which is extremely narrow and confined. In short, a prison of such material consequence ought not to have been situated in the middle of a populous neighbourhood, for reasons obvious to a person of the least reflection; yet compared with the horrible dungeon whose place it occupies, the present Newgate is a palace, and the residence a paradise."

Without entering into any examination of the accuracy or injustice of the character here ascribed to an edifice which so rudely shocks Mr. Malcolm's tender sensibility; without involving ourselves in the details of the interior arrangements, we venture to declare, in the most unqualified manner, that, in our simple apprehension, if there be a building in the British metropolis which exhibits a perfect fitness and adaptation in its external appearance to the purposes for which it is designed, that building is Newgate. Its massive solidity, chaste simplicity, and great extent are certainly calculated to produce on the mind of the unprejudiced spectator a very different impression from that which they seem to have made upon Mr. Malcolm.

The front which faces the west, consists of two wings; the north side appropriated to debtors, whose number generally rises from 200 to 300; and the south for felons. The prisoners in the latter amount from 150 to 300 in number. The plan of the whole is an area of three squares; the north quadrangle for debtors of both sexes, a wall dividing the men from the women. Behind the keeper's house, which occupies the centre of the front, is a large quadrangle for male felons, on one side of which is a plain, neat chapel. The south quadrangle contains the state side, as it is called, where such prisoners as can afford it may procure better accommodations. The salary of the keeper is £450, and his fees amount to a considerable sum. The chaplain, or ordinary, part of whose duty it is to attend criminals under sentence of death, receives £265 per annum; and a surgeon, with a salary of £100, visits the prison daily.

In the area opposite to the Debtors' door of Newgate, the prisoners capitally convicted at the Old Bailey have for many years been executed on a moveable scaffold, instead of being conveyed, as formerly, to expiate their crimes at Tyburn. The immense crowd assembled on one of these occasions, produced the most fatal consequences. At the execution of two men, named Holloway and Haggerty, for the murder of Mr. Steele on Hounslow Heath, in 1807, 27 persons were crushed and trampled to death by the crowd.

Among the good old customs of our pious and benevolent forefathers, which it is impossible to consider without feelings of mingled love and veneration for their memory, the following, closely connected with the subject before us, seems worthy of record: — Mr. Robert Dow, citizen and merchant

tailor, who died in 1612, and whose extraordinary benevolence is recorded in an inscription on his monument in St. Botolph's, Aldgate, left £1 6s. 8d. yearly for ever, to the sexton of St. Sepulchre's church, to pronounce two solemn exhortations to persons condemned to die, and to ring the passing-bell as they were carried to the place of execution. The following is the exhortation to be pronounced the night before an execution :—

"You prisoners that are within, who for wickedness and sin, after many mercies shewn you, are now appointed to die to morrow in the forenoon ; give ear and understand, that to-morrow morning the greatest bell of St. Sepulchre's shall toll for you in form and manner of a passing-bell, as used to be tolled for those that are at the point of death, to the end that all godly people, hearing that bell, and knowing it is for you going to your deaths, may be stirred up heartily to pray to God to bestow his grace and mercy upon you whilst you live. I beseech you for Jesus Christ his sake to keep this night in watching and prayer, for the salvation of your own souls while there is yet time and place for mercy ; as knowing to-morrow you must appear before the judgment-seat of your Creator, there to give an account of the things done in this life, and to suffer eternal torments for your sins committed against him, unless, upon hearty and unfeigned repentance, you find mercy through the merits, death, and passion of your only mediator and advocate, Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return to him."

The following words were appointed to be spoken on the day of execution, as the criminals passed the church on their way to Tyburn :

"You that are condemned to die, repent with lamentable tears : ask mercy of the Lord for the salvation of your own souls, through the merits, death, and passion of Jesus Christ, who now sits at the right hand of God, to make intercession for as many of you as penitently return unto him.

"Lord have mercy upon you ;
"Christ have mercy upon you ;
"Lord have mercy upon you ;
"Christ have mercy upon you."

The constant attendance of the ordinary of Newgate on condemned prisoners has rendered these exhortations nugatory, and both are, we believe, dicontinued ; and instead of the passing-bell of St. Sepulchre's, one fixed on the top of Newgate calls to prayers in the chapel, and is used for the knell of criminals about to suffer the sentence of the law.

On the west side of the Old Bailey stood Sidney House, in which the family of that name resided till their removal to Leicester House. On the site of their mansion, after the great fire, was the habitation of the notorious Jonathan Wild, now a broker's shop. From the same side of this street runs Green Arbour-court, where Goldsmith lived when he composed the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Traveller*, and some other of his early performances. The abode of genius, though humble, is always interesting, and for this reason we shall

not apologize for the introduction of the following anecdote: — A friend of Goldsmith's paying him a visit in this place, in March 1759, found him writing his *Enquiry into the present State of Polite Learning*, in a wretched dirty room, in which there was but one chair; and when he from civility offered it to his visitor, he was himself obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, some one gently tapped at the door; and being desired to come in, a little ragged girl, of very decent behaviour, entered, who, dropping a curtesy, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamber-potful of coals." The friend who relates this, and who is supposed to be Dr. Johnson, declares that he should not have mentioned the circumstance, did he not consider it as the highest proof of the splendour of Goldsmith's genius and talents, that by the bare exertion of their powers, under every disadvantage of person and fortune, he could gradually emerge from such obscurity, to the enjoyment of all the comforts and even the luxuries of life, and admission into the best societies of London*.

* Life of Goldsmith prefixed to his works.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of April to the 15th of May, 1814.

Acute Diseases. — Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 2....Inflammatory sore-throat, 3.....Nettle-rash, 1..... Measles, 4...Small-pox, 2...Hooping-cough, 5....Catarrh, 10...Acute rheumatism, 2.....Tic douloureux, 1....Erysipelas, 2.....Acute diseases of infants, 12.

Chronic Diseases. — Cough and dyspnœa, 20...Hœmoptoe, 3...Pleurodyne, 2....Head-ach, 6....Vertigo, 3....Palpitation, 2....Asthenia, 6.... Rheumatism, 4...Jaundice, 1...Dyspepsia, 3.....Schirrous liver, 1..... Dropsy, 2....Diarrhœa, 4...Gastrodynia, 2....Consumption, 2....Cutaneous diseases, 3....Female complaints, 5.

Pulmonic disease, in various forms and modifications, still claims our chief notice. Hooping-cough especially is becoming prevalent, and children afflicted with it, in many instances, suffer severely. This very trying disorder is often left too much to itself, or the cure of it sought for in trifling and inefficient remedies. To the neglect of hooping-cough in infancy, may sometimes be traced the foundation of pulmonary consumption, which, in this variable climate, carries off so many young people. Measles, which may be regarded as another disease of infancy, also occasionally conduces to this effect: as long as cough exists, there is danger. One of the cases of measles this month has been succeeded by a general dropsical affection of the extremities of the body. This also is not unusual after scarlet-fever. The appearances sometimes are threatening, but, in general, yield to proper treatment. Although the patient appears, and actually is, very feeble, cathartics tend to stimulate the impaired action of the absorbent vessels, and to discharge

the liquid accumulated in the cellular membrane. It sometimes becomes necessary to puncture the skin in different places, which, when much distended, affords speedy relief.

Amongst the cases of asthenia, which is used here as the generic term for certain diseases attended by debility, but which have no particular distinguishing name, are always some instances in which the affection is caused by excess, which, in some cases, being of an innocent nature, is not suspected. Thus young people dancing all night, without very long intervals of repose, frequently get into a state of extreme languor, debility, and inertness; experience a variety of nervous feelings, sometimes even epilepsy, and the cause is perhaps attributed to a constitution naturally weak, or to some accident. The patient is treated for a disease which does not exist, and the favourite, but destructive diversion is resorted to till nature is fairly worn out; in stricter language, the waste of the nervous system, from which all animation is derived, is greater than the supply. As men vary in power and capacity, so they endure fatigue with more or less derangement of the system. If a delicate person is exhausted with three hours' dancing, he should be contented with two. But it is not so much the excess of dancing, as the continuing many hours in an unwholesome atmosphere, during the time when nature indicates repose, that is hurtful. The vital powers for awhile may be excited by stimulants, and a degree of seeming health be enjoyed; but they render the event more certain, and the cure more difficult.

BRITISH INSTITUTION FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

Exhibition of Pictures by the late WILLIAM HOGARTH, RICHARD WILSON, THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, *and* J. ZOFFANI, *by Permission of the Proprietors, in Honour of the Memory of those distinguished Artists, and for Improvement of British Art.*

WE know not what could contribute more essentially to the advancement of painting in this country, than the measures which have been adopted by the noblemen and gentlemen who have formed the British Institution. They have liberally furnished the best examples of ancient foreign schools, from their own collections, for the improvement of students in painting. The rapid progress which has been manifested to the public since the commencement of this munificent plan, which is but a very few years, is the best comment that can be made upon the discernment of such liberal patrons.

The collection of portrait, historical, and other paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, exhibited last year on the walls of the British Gallery, delighted every connoisseur and every lover of art. The most brilliant glow of colouring, the most facinating combination of fancy, taste, and exquisite feeling, were made manifest in these works; they proved, that "England is a soil in which the polite arts will

take root, flourish, and arrive at a very high degree of perfection."

It is no compliment to the age that saw an Hogarth, a Wilson, and a Gainsborough, and suffered them to owe to posterity the just admiration due to their self-taught knowledge in an art, the last that has ever attained to excellence in countries distinguished for their civilization and mental superiority over the rest of mankind. The six pictures of *Marriage à-la-Mode* were publicly sold, for a sum so insignificant, and even then under circumstances so disgraceful to the public, that had not Hogarth possessed that dignity of mind, which poets, painters, and other men of genius have so frequently evinced in all ages, he would have destroyed his works, and sought for bread in any employment better suited to the notions of the middle of the eighteenth century!

Wilson, whose works are now sought with an avidity worthy of their extraordinary excellence—which adorn the mansions of our nobility, and which their possessors appreciate as "treasures above price," could not find employment, even by the picture-dealers, although his pictures were offered for sums less than that which one of the prints from some of his landscapes will now produce in a public auction.

Gainsborough, whose landscapes are now the subject of admiration amid the throng of nobility and all the great—the theme of loud adulation amidst the constellation of beauty and fashion at the British Gallery—Gainsborough, the painter of nature, was constrained to quit the contemplation of sylvan scenes, in which his elegant and amiable mind took delight, to cover his canvas with portraits of those, many of whom posterity will scarcely know the names.

The praises bestowed upon the works of these honoured men, are not heard with envy by the professors of the same art. By none are the merits of Hogarth, Wilson, and Reynolds more ardently felt than by painters; and veneration for their talents has been publicly demonstrated by their rivals in the present day. But we will not patiently hear reiterated—what these our illustrious countrymen were obliged to hear—a depreciating comparison of their works with those of painters who were no more in their day. Let those who now, in their enthusiastic admiration of the productions on the walls of the British Institution, exclaim, "These were painters indeed! we have now nothing comparable with these!"—let them pause and reflect, that it is possible they may, *unwittingly perhaps*, leave posterity to give them a place in a future *Dunciad*, when some living artists may in their turn—when DEAD—have the same *liberal* chance for FAME.

Could the honoured shades of Hogarth, Wilson, and Gainsborough appear, they would approve what we now will assert:—That in Wilkie we have a genius, which, when yet almost a boy, produced works that Hogarth would have felt proud to own. In Turner we have a genius that honest Wilson would have taken the laurel from his own brow to have crowned.—"Happy, thrice happy young man," would he say, "that thy fate has not been like mine!" In Cal-

cott we have a painter that Gainsborough would compliment: he would say, "Go on and prosper, amiable young man! In thy works do I see *perfected* that which I felt."

We owe it almost to accident that West, like Milton, did not go to the grave no *genius* in his day.—The picture of *Christ giving Sight to the Blind* was painted for a charitable purpose; it was to have been presented by its great author to the infirmary in Pennsylvania. The directors of the British Institution munificently purchased the picture; and the public at once discovered, that there was an historical painter, who had passed the allotted age of man, residing among us, who had talents for epic composition not inferior to the greatest painter of any age or country.

The works of Hogarth abound in true humour, and satire which is generally well directed. They are admirable moral lessons, and a fund of entertainment suited to every taste; a circumstance which shews them to be just copies of nature. We may consider them too as valuable repositories of the manners, customs, and dresses of the age that is past. What a fund of entertainment would a collection of this kind afford, drawn from every period of the history of Great Britain!

In design, Hogarth was seldom at a loss. His invention was fertile, and his judgment accurate. An improper incident is rarely introduced, a proper one rarely omitted. No one could tell a story better, or make it, in all its circumstances, more intelligible. His genius led him to compose low or familiar subjects, from which he knew he could best represent scenes such as his dramatic turn had determined him to pursue, and from which alone he could deduce such moral lessons as would be most useful to correct the age in which he lived. Hogarth's greatest excellence in his art, was expression, a quality added to his inventive powers, his just discrimination of character, and his moral turn, that fitted him well for the walk in which he shone so conspicuously.

The Rake's Progress. — William Hogarth.

The first subject of the eight pictures which compose this pictorial drama, represents a young heir taking possession of a miser's effects. The passion of avarice, which hoards every thing without distinction, what is, and what is not, valuable, is admirably described in this the miser's room.

Young Rakewell, newly arrived, eager to ascertain the extent of his possessions, has caused the old wardrobes to be wrenched open; the strong chests are unlocked, bonds, mortgage deeds, and bags of gold are indiscriminately tumbled out. The countenance of the young man, the hero of the story, exhibits strong marks of simplicity, and at once prepares us to expect, that he will become a prey to every worthless wretch, and will not know how to make a proper use of his wealth.

The second picture represents this youth, metamorphosed into a man of fashion, surrounded by French barbers, French tailors, bravos, jockeys, and the whole retinue of flatterers and scoundrels, such as prey upon a rich, weak young man.

The third picture represents Rakewell in a bagnio, surrounded by men and women of the most profligate description. This appears to be a faithful exhibition of the too common vices of the time.

The fourth picture exemplifies the consequences arising from extravagance and vile associates. Rakewell is arrested in his sedan going to court, and is liberated by the purse of a female whom he had betrayed. This generous act is intended as a high compliment to the women. It affords a striking proof of that constant affection in the fair sex, which, when once rooted, the severest treatment can scarcely alienate.

The fifth picture represents the spendthrift recruiting his fortune by marrying an ugly old woman. The episodes in this subject are replete with wit.

The sixth picture exhibits the hero Rakewell in a gaming-house; he has lost his fortune, and, on his knees, in a desperate state of mind, is uttering the direst imprecations on his folly.

The seventh picture, by a natural transition, removes Rakewell from the gaming-table to a prison.

The eighth brings the hero of this drama to a climax of misery. He is represented in a madhouse, in a hopeless state of insanity, lacerating himself with his own hands, and chained to the floor, to prevent his doing violence to others.

This series of pictures exemplify the fruits of vice in the most frightful shape, and, it is presumed, had a moral effect upon the conduct of many thoughtless young men in that age of vice in which they appeared. It was the custom to hang the prints of Hogarth in the rooms not only of private houses, but of taverns, inns, and other places of public resort.

Marriage à-la-Mode.—The same.

The causes of unhappy marriages have furnished employment for the reflecting philosopher, the fancy of the novelist, and the imagination of the poet. It was reserved for the pencil of Hogarth to embody their ideas, to reprobate the absurdity and folly of forming matrimonial connections chiefly for pecuniary considerations; and as this practice is most prevalent in the higher circles, he has taken the subject of *Marriage à-la-Mode* from high life.

The first picture of this series represents the son of an earl and the daughter of a grovelling citizen and alderman, with their fathers and the attornies of each party, forming a marriage settlement. The young persons appear totally indifferent to each other. No contrast can be greater than that of the pride of the gouty earl, shewing his pedigree, and the sordid, calculating cit examining the mortgages upon his lordship's estates.

The second picture discovers these young people married, living in luxury; the wife yawning at her breakfast, after the dissipation of a night of company *at home;* and the husband looking ruefully, having just returned from the gaming-table, after a run of ill luck.

The third picture places the husband, who is a libertine, in the apartment of a quack doctor, with two females. It is not easy to develope this subject.

The fourth picture shews us the

customs of fashionable life in the middle of the eighteenth century. The wife at her toilette, with a French barber dressing her hair, preparatory to her going to a masquerade. She is surrounded by company, and is entertaining her friends with vocal and instrumental music; the performers, celebrated Italians well known in that day.

The fifth represents this depraved wife in a bagnio, with her inamorato. The husband has burst the door, and, in a rencontre with him, is run through the body. This picture is filled with horror.

The sixth picture represents the room of the alderman, who has his daughter returned upon him. She is expiring in agony, having taken poison. The sordid wretch, her father, ever mindful of saving, is taking a diamond ring from the finger of his dying child.

These six pictures are esteemed the best of Hogarth's works. No tale was ever told with more consummate skill, with greater originality of expression, or truth to nature. As paintings, they rank with the best works of the old Flemish school.

To the other paintings by this original genius, which are described in the catalogue of the Exhibition, it is not possible to do sufficient justice in words. They must be seen, and being seen, they cannot fail to excite universal admiration.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

As usual, the most prominent feature of this Exhibition is portrait. The many painters who cultivate the study of portrait-painting, afford ample proof, that no species of painting meets with equal encouragement. The partiality, however, for this branch of art, which certainly affords less interest to the public than historical, landscape, or other subjects of more extensive means, wherein the genius has greater scope for the exercise of its powers, affords us one satisfaction for the absence of more interesting pictures, namely, that of our *limners* being most excellent in their walk. Did it more frequently happen, that the living model were worthy of being handed down to posterity by the pencil of the illustrious painter, then, indeed, the public would rejoice to see great talent employed in the study of portraiture; but it excites no pleasing reflections to see, from year to year, painting thus excellent bestowed upon whole-lengths, half-lengths, &c. &c. of persons whom "nobody knows, and for whom nobody cares."

Lawrence, Northcote, Owen, Shee, Thomson, Phillipps, and Beechy have each fine specimens of their respective styles in this Exhibition; and we feel no hesitation in saying, that some of these and others of their works, when time has given to their pictures that mellowness which Titian, Vandyke, Velasquez, and others have attained, will hereafter be sought for, and venerated as much as the portraits of these illustrious old masters.

23. *Portrait of Viscount Castlereagh.* —T. Lawrence, R. A.

A most elegant air, mixed with a manly deportment, characterises

this half-length picture of Lord Castlereagh. The expression of the countenance is open and dignified; he looks a man of sense and a gentleman. We should like to see this picture placed beside one of the finest works of Vandyke, of the same size. Perhaps the comparison might favour the English painter; we think it would.

56. *Portrait of Lady Leicester.*—The same.

This elegant and beautiful lady is painted as a personification of one of the well-drawn characters of the poet Spenser:—

With him came Hope in rank, a handsome maid,
Of cheerful look, and lovely to behold,
. . . .
. . . .
She always smil'd; and in her hand did hold
An holy water sprinkle, dipp'd in dew;
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking shew—
Great liking unto many—but true love to few.

It rarely happens that a *portrait* supplies the image of the object raised in the mind by the poet. This picture, however, stands a fair exception to the axiom. The painter could not have selected a better model for his subject, nor could his fancy have supplied a more animated personification of Hope.

138. *Portrait of Lady Grantham.*—The same.

This head possesses ineffable sweetness; the countenance is soft and expressive, chaste and full of sentiment. It is painted with a delicacy and purity of tone worthy of the original.

146. *Portrait of the Marquis of Abercorn.*—The same.

We recollect a very fine half-length portrait of this nobleman, by the same artist, which was exhibited a few years ago in the Royal Academy. The same animated likeness is visible in both pictures; but, abstracted of the present one being a whole-length, we prefer this to the first. The figure is grand and impressive; it is painted with a masterly feeling; the composition is good, and the colouring harmonious.

277. *Portrait of Master William Lock.*—The same.

On contemplating this picture, we are reminded of one of the infant angels of Raphael, which, for an infant, carries in its countenance strong indications of dignity of mind. It is one of Mr. Lawrence's most happy performances.

52. *Portrait of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. painted for the Corporation of Boston.*—T. Phillipps, R. A.

This also is a second picture of the venerable and highly respected President of the Royal Society that has appeared on these walls from the pencil of Mr. Phillipps. The first was painted for the Royal Society, and hangs in the room of that scientific body. It was placed in the hands of the elder Schiavonetti, to be engraved. Death snatched that promising artist to the grave before he had finished the plate. His ingenious brother completed the work, and followed him to the tomb. Both pictures are such faithful resemblances of the worthy baronet, that posterity will see the man, and will respect the skill of him that could make them thus acquainted with so munificent a patron of science.

72. *Portrait of the Marquis of Stafford.*—T. Phillipps, R. A.

This patron of the fine arts, the Deputy-President of the British Institution, is justly pourtrayed by the identity of Mr. Phillipps's pencil. Of all the British portrait-painters, perhaps this artist aims least to excite applause by the blandishments of *manner*. His pictures are unsophisticated copies of the object of his imitation; their excellencies are pure, and charm by their truth. This portrait of the Marquis of Stafford is well drawn, natural in colour, and combines the higher qualities of art in an eminent degree.

93. *Portrait of Miss Stanley in the Character of Juliet—Scene in the Balcony.*—The same.

> "What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
> By any other name would smell as sweet:
> So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
> Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
> Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
> And for that name, which is no part of thee,
> Take all myself."

There is a sweetness of expression in this portrait that seems fitting to the sentimental Juliet: the figure in all its proportions, the air in all its contour, are delicately feminine. If the original be comparable with this imitation, who would not at once become a Romeo, and woo so fair a maiden—aye, though she were a Capulet? We think this decidedly one of the happiest effusions of the pencil of Mr. Phillipps.

65. *Pembroke Castle, South Wales.*—G. Samuel.

This ancient building is situated in one of the most beautiful districts of South Wales, and is an object sought by all our tourists. We have seen many views of this venerable ruin, but none that conveys a more just recollection of the castle, or a more pleasing display of the rich landscape that surrounds its mouldering walls. The composition, though true, has much the air of an Italian scene: the lines are chaste; nothing is abrupt, nor is there any passage without interest; the colouring is pure and natural, and the penciling is free. We think this the best effort of Mr. Samuel's pencil.

200. *View of the Town and Castle of Richmond, Yorkshire.*—W. Westall, A.

The spectator, on viewing this rich and picturesque scene, is placed on a height, and sees the river flowing beneath in gentle undulation, surrounded by shady woods and cheerful meads. The castle, majestically placed upon its lofty site, commands from its antique towers a vast expanse. The atmosphere pervading this landscape is clear and serene, it is a perfect summer's day. The water is pellucid, the trees are touched with a light and tasteful pencil, and the colouring is vivid and natural. Richmond, renowned in topographical description, may be truly recognized in this pleasing picture.

255. *View in a Mandarin's Garden, on the Banks of the western Branch of the Pe Kiang River, with Mandarins and Women of Rank.*—The same.

The rich luxuriance of an Eastern garden is described with truth, and a mixture of poetic grandeur, in this picture. In a climate such

as is here represented, who is there that cannot fancy the delight of sitting beneath the spreading canopy of the trees, or conceive the luxury of ablution in the pellucid stream. Such enjoyments form the song of the poets of the East. But woe to the British bard that hopes to please, who sings of shady woods, of cooling grots, and purling streams!

This picture is elegant in design, and is executed with a masterly taste. It is well coloured, and conveys the most pleasing sensations to us shivering islanders.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AND DRAWINGS BY RICHARD WESTALL, R. A. PALL-MALL.

WE should be wanting in respect to the noblemen and gentlemen who have so liberally patronised Mr. Westall, were we to refrain from offering our humble applause on this subject. Almost all the pictures which form this Exhibition are the property of patrons of the fine arts; and when the munificent prices which have been given for many subjects, and the value that must be set upon all by their respective possessors, are considered, we cannot but offer with grateful feelings our esteem for this instance, in granting the loan of these works, of their zeal for the promotion of the arts, and for so marked a respect for the interests of their ingenious author. That honour which Great Britain has derived from the discovery of the art of painting in transparent water colours, and which the most enlightened foreigners have so willingly accorded to us, is in a great degree to be ascribed to Mr. Westall. His drawings for many years formed a principal feature of attraction at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and were the first that combined an union of the clearness and aërial beauty of drawings with the splendour and force of paintings in oil. In looking with careful attention upon many works from his pencil that were produced several years since, we were gratified to find, that they had lost scarcely any portion of their original splendour: from which we venture to infer, that works executed with this material, will last for many years, if preserved with care.

The room, and its adjoining cabinets, in which this collection is arranged, have a pleasing and elegant effect. We think it the most interesting *coup d'œil* that we have seen, and shall feel disappointed, should it appear that the public neglect to pay a due compliment to a collection thus brought before them by the favour of the enlightened possessors of the pictures and drawings, and at so great an expence by the artist whose extraordinary talents produced the same.

Our limits preclude us the pleasure of expatiating individually upon any of the pictures, many of which merit singular praise. Among those which form series, we particularlarly feel the merits of those which are designed to illustrate an edition of the Old and New Testament, now publishing in parts, the engravings by Mr. Heath the younger. The drawings are finely designed, and executed with

the utmost beauty and delicacy; and should the engravings continue to be as faithful to the originals as those already published, we shall possess the most elegant small edition of the Holy Bible that has yet appeared in the world.

Among the smaller designs for the embellishment of books, much beauty and feeling are displayed in those for editions of the British Classics. The drawing which describes the death of the pious Hervey, cannot be seen without exciting emotion: it is full of pathos; it is truly an "expiring Christian." Who but could wish their end to be like that of the author of *Meditations among the Tombs?*

We congratulate the age that can publish books ornamented with engravings from drawings such as these. The period has happily arrived when the talents of the poet and the painter are united for mutual benefit. This union has raised the character of the British press.

The pictures in oil in this collection display fertility of imagination, exuberance of taste, elegance of drawing, splendour of colour, and a most poetic imagination. It may stimulate the rising artist to industry, to reflect, that this collection, which contains more than three hundred subjects, forms only a part of the works of Mr. Westall's prolific genius.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

SINCE our last report, the great work of universal pacification has made a most rapid progress; the monstrous empire of the despicable usurper has crumbled within the limits of ancient France, the political chaos into which he had plunged the whole Continent has assumed an aspect of order, the several states of the great European family have more or less returned into their primitive consistency and independence, and the tyrant himself has been transported from the Continent.

Be it our first task to dispose of him historically. On the 2d of April the Senate dethroned him, and on the 6th he signed his abdication. On the 11th, however, a treaty, hitherto secret, was entered into between him and the allied powers (England, as it is stated, excepted), by which his future fate and condition were definitively regulated, and by which, if we are to believe what seems incredible, the title of Emperor was left him. Under various shifts and pretexts, he tarried at Fontainebleau till the 20th of April, the day finally fixed for his departure. Used to canting and stage tricks, he came from the palace and addressed the imperial guards in an incoherent, rhapsodical harangue, in which, among other ridiculous tirades, he stated, that he had forborne to put an end to his life, because he wished to write it. He then called for the eagles, which he kissed, and, with tears in his eyes, stepped into the carriage. Generals Bertrand, Drouet, Lefebvre-Desnouettes, and Dombrowsky are stated to have accompanied him by choice, and one commissioner from each of the four allied powers set out with him for the coast of Provence. On this side of Lyons his journey was tolerably

undisturbed, but in the south of France the indignation of the inhabitants was manifested in many places, and especially at Aix and Avignon, so that the presence of the commissioners and of the escort was scarcely sufficient to defend him from the effects of popular resentment. Disguise and other stratagems were resorted to by him; and to those who still entertained doubts as to one particular feature of the character of this extraordinary adventurer, his pusillanimity and cowardly fears of being the victim of force or poison, caused not a little astonishment. At every slight apprehension of danger he trembled and cried like a child, and the moment the dread was no more, he manifested his joy and became talkative. Thus it was the great Napoleon arrived at Frejus, where, of a French ship of war and the Undaunted English frigate, left to his choice, he preferred the latter for his passage to Elba, precisely as we had anticipated in our last. On the 28th of April he sailed from St. Rapheau, near Frejus, the very same port by which, in 1799, he returned from Egypt to usurp a despotism over France and the Continent, which, for upwards of fourteen years, spread misery and desolation over Europe. As we have no room for reports, however singular, we shall for the present content ourselves with seeing the ex-emperor fairly out of France, without noticing a strange story, just current, of his arrival at the island on the 4th of May.

As to the remaining branches of the ex-imperial family, we have to add, that none have thought proper to share Napoleon's fate. Joseph and Jerome, after wandering about in France, have for the present retired to Switzerland; and Louis is stated to have set out for his former place of residence, the town of Gratz, in Styria. Lucien has just left England for Rome; whither Madame Lætitia, the mother of the Bonapartes, has likewise directed her course. The Archduchess Maria Louisa, the future sovereign of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, and her son, young Napoleon, are on their way to Vienna.

FRANCE.

During the short stay of Louis XVIII. at London, the sovereign, the government, and the people paid him every honour due to his rank and private character. He was invested with the order of the Garter in return for that of the Holy Ghost, with which, on his arrival in the capital, he had decorated his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. On the 23d of April his Most Christian Majesty took his departure from London, with the daughter of Louis XVI. the Duchess of Angoulême; and the day following he embarked at Dover, on board the royal yacht, escorted by a British fleet under the temporary command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, the Prince Regent having in person conducted his Majesty on board.

In three hours the French monarch set foot on French ground at Calais, where, as well as in every other place on the Paris road, he was received with the most enthusiastic exultations by the public authorities and the people at large. This and indisposition retarded his arrival at the capital,

At Compiegne his Majesty was met and addressed by the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the French Marshals in the name of the army (29th April); and from St. Ouen, the last stage of his journey, he issued, on the 2d of May, a document of the highest importance, in the shape of a declaration to the French people. In this state paper the King rejects the constitutional charter which had been framed by the Senate, as an instrument which, although substantially good, had been framed with the precipitation of the moment, and required alteration: he states his intention to cause another constitution to be drawn up by a commission chosen out of the Senate and Legislative Body, which he would lay before those two bodies on the 10th of June; for which day (afterwards altered to the 31st of May) they are invited to meet. The King, in the same declaration, enumerated the bases of the constitution in contemplation, which principally differs from the Senate's constitution, in that the privileges which that body had endeavoured to secure to itself are not touched upon.

The day after this decisive step (3d May), the King made his entry into Paris. Grand preparations had been made to give this solemnity the highest eclat; and, as far as could be inferred from the outward demonstrations of a people so open to the impulse of the moment, his arrival appeared to diffuse almost universal joy. An exception was, however, found in some of the troops of the line, and especially the late imperial guard, whose skulking attachment to their late master was visible on their sullen countenances; nay, audible in some daring voices, that cried "*Vive l'empereur!*"

Among the numerous dispositions which have already taken place since Louis's arrival, we notice the reduction of the French navy to thirteen ships of the line, twenty-one frigates, &c.; the disbanding of sailors engaged from foreign or conquered countries; the appointment of Monsieur to be colonel-general of the national guard; a decree ordering the restitution of works of art plundered from eight noble families of Spain; the definitive appointment of the ministry, including Talleyrand as minister for foreign affairs, Montesquiou for the interior, and Gen. Dupont for the war department; and the banishment from Paris of Cardinal Maury, Fouché, and some more senators and other notorious characters; the transfer of the command of the army of the south to Suchet from Soult, who, like Davoust (also displaced from his command) appears to be in disgrace.

In regard to the proceedings of the allied powers towards France, we have to advert to the armistice provisorily concluded with her by Russia, Austria, Prussia, and England, on the 23d of April last, which stipulates the evacuation by the allied forces of all the provinces within the frontiers of old France, as these stood on the 1st of January, 1792, and the return within those frontiers of all French troops and garrisons stationed beyond them, the general liberation of all prisoners of war, &c. In consequence of this agreement, Antwerp, Flush-

ing, Mentz, and many other towns, have already been delivered over to the allied forces; General Girard has arrived at Hamburgh, to bring off the French garrison; and the Helder, as well as the Dutch fleet, have been surrendered to the Prince of the Netherlands by Admiral Verheuil, the 5th of May. Some Russian divisions have begun their march home, although a great proportion, together with the Austrian and Prussian armies, still remain in France. For our part, we hope they will not leave it until the new government is firmly settled; there are yet embers remaining among the many fickle and volatile heads of that nation, which, if not completely subdued, threaten explosion. The magnanimous mildness of the allied sovereigns, after their glorious and dearly bought conquest of France, is without example in history; it has been carried to such a length, that the French army soon forgot the continued series of defeats from the heart of Russia to the heights of Montmartre, and from the Guadalquivir to Toulouse, by which its pride ought to have been humbled into modesty at least. Certain green sprigs, which the German conquerors, after the usage of their country, stuck in their caps, offended the returning vanity of the vanquished. Affrays of a serious nature, and, according to private letters, real and sanguinary combats have taken place in the streets of Paris; for which Bonaparte, in the situation of the allies, would have shot, as he did in Moscow, the perpetrators by dozens. But the allied sovereigns, as if the last of their conquests had terminated their authority in the conquered country, and had reduced themselves and their soldiers to the situation of private individuals, have forborne to animadvert on these outrages, and have contented themselves with the king's removing all French regulars out of Paris.

SOUTH OF FRANCE.

In our last we had indulged a hope, that the events at Paris would be known early enough in Gascogne to stay the impetuous career of our heroic army under Lord (now Duke of) Wellington, and prevent the further effusion of the blood of our gallant countrymen. And such would have been the case, had not the messengers who were dispatched from Paris been stopped or delayed, either wilfully or innocently, by authorities still under the influence of Bonaparte's expiring sway; a delay which, we lament to say, has cost Great Britain an immense number of valuable lives.

On the 8th of April our army crossed the Garonne; the 9th was employed in reconnoitring the enemy and making the necessary arrangements for storming the chain of fortifications with which Marshal Soult had surrounded Toulouse, and rendered that city apparently impregnable. — On the 10th, Easter Sunday, our army, together with its Portuguese and Spanish allies, assailed successively the enemy's redoubts, and finally carried all. Unnecessary as the effort was, we will not detail the features of a battle, which, although one of the most skilful and brilliant of this campaign, was attended with such a sacrifice of lives, that the number of killed and wounded

amounted to between 5 and 6000 men, British, Portuguese, and Spaniards. On the 11th Soult withdrew his army; and on the 12th, in the morning, our victorious troops made their triumphant entry into Toulouse, whose loyal inhabitants received their deliverers with enthusiasm, and, although yet ignorant of the overthrow of Bonaparte's power, courageously declared for the Bourbons. It was only in the evening of the same day, that the joyful post arrived, which ensured the safety of their determination, and which diffused rapturous delight among the whole population. A few days after (16th), suspensions of hostilities were signed with Soult and Suchet, who both sent in their adherence to the new order of things.

The loss sustained in the battle of Toulouse, is in some measure compensated by its glory to the British arms; but the same consolation is wanting in our record of an almost cotemporary event under the walls of Bayonne. In the night between the 13th and 14th April, the French governor of that fortress made a sortie with the greatest part of his garrison, and surprised the blockading corps under Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope. After a sanguinary contest, in which our army was severely handled, the enemy was finally chased within their ramparts, with General Hope himself in their power, who had been wounded, and lost his horse by a shot. Major-General Hay was killed; and our loss in killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to between 8 and 900 men.

SPAIN.

The British army in Catalonia, under Lieutenant-General Clinton, has been broken up, and embarked for Sicily or Italy in the middle of April; and the remaining French garrisons in that province have been recalled into France.

In our last we announced King Ferdinand's return to Spain, and his progress towards Madrid. His expected arrival in the capital, however, has met with an unlooked-for delay. On the 6th of April he entered Saragossa, and on the 11th he left that city to proceed to Valencia, where the latest accounts still report him. It is stated, not improbably, that this reluctance to enter Madrid proceeds from an aversion to the constitution which the Cortes, during his captivity in France, have settled for the Spanish monarch, and which the king's adherents consider as bearing too republican a character. Of all the restored monarchs, the situation of his Catholic Majesty appears to us the most delicate and singular; and without prudent and moderate councils on both sides, the expulsion of the foreign invader may easily be succeeded by intestine misunderstandings and commotions. It is therefore with the highest gratification that we have learnt the expected arrival of the Duke of Wellington at Madrid. Further, his grace set out on the 12th of May from Paris, where he received from the Sovereigns of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and France, and from the French nation, the tribute of honourable acknowledgment, which his transcendent military genius, and his great and arduous services in the cause of Europe, so justly entitle him to. He will have nobly finish-

ed his work, if, after freeing Spain from the French yoke, his endeavours and authority succeed in establishing the internal tranquillity and happiness of the nation whose champion he has been.

ITALY.

In this quarter too the British arms had distinguished themselves just before the knowledge of the revolution at Paris had reached them. On landing at Leghorn, Lord William Bentinck, learning that Genoa was held by only 2000 men, conceived the spirited plan of gaining possession of that important city. Accordingly he moved his army, with singular rapidity, across the difficult and mountainous road by Massa, secured the forts and gulf of Spezzia, and appeared before Genoa on the 16th of April. The enemy, who had, however, been reinforced with 6000 men, was found in a strong position in front of the city. Here he was attacked the next day, defeated, and driven within the city, just at the moment when the British fleet, under Sir Edward Pellew, opportunely appeared in sight to aid the operations by land. To avoid a bombardment, the French governor surrendered the city on the 18th by a capitulation, which put the conquerors in possession of an immense train of artillery, abundance of warlike stores, one line of battle ship ready for launching, another on the stocks, and some smaller vessels. Our loss did not exceed two hundred men.

On the 12th and 13th of April, King Murat had also gained some decisive advantages over part of Eugene's army on the Taro, and had penetrated in consequence as far as Piacenza; but the arrival of intelligence from Paris put an end to further warfare. A suspension of hostilities was entered into on the 16th, between the Viceroy and General Bellegarde; in pursuance of which, and of subsequent arrangements, the French troops retire out of Italy, and give up the fortresses, including Venice, which city, together with the Milanese and Mantua, has been provisorily taken possession of by the Austrian army in the name of the allied sovereigns. Eugene Beauharnois, faithful to the last to the trust of his adopted father, from honourable motives, respected even by his enemy, has bidden adieu to his Italian army and subjects, and awaits the determination of the allied powers to enter upon a new sovereignty, probably Deuxponts, in Germany. Popular commotions broke out at Turin, and especially at Milan (20th April), as soon as the fate of Bonaparte was known, and some of his adherents have paid with their lives for their attachment to his government.

The venerable head of the Catholic church made his entry into Rome on the 21st of April; and the King of Sardinia is stated to have landed at Genoa on his way to his former continental dominions.

Advices from Malta report the re-appearance of the plague in the adjacent island of Gozo, which was immediately subjected to the strictest quarantine.

SWEDEN, NORWAY.

The Crown Prince of Sweden, after some days stay in Paris, has set out for the north, no doubt in consequence of the unexpected critical state of affairs in Norway, as mentioned in our last. That

country has declared itself independent; and a diet, summoned to Edswold, has fixed the basis of a constitution, similar to that of Great Britain, and conferred the title and power of King upon the Regent, Prince Christian; who has opened the ports to all flags, and declared the country at peace with all Europe; but signified the determination of himself and his new subjects to resist to the last any foreign invasion. To maintain this resolution, all Norway has risen in arms. The most conciliatory proposals have been made to the nation by the King of Sweden, such as taxation by a legislature of its own, exemption from military service in foreign wars, exclusive appropriation of the revenue to Norwegian purposes, &c. The King of Denmark, moreover, has, by proclamation, exhorted the people to conform to the treaty of Kiel, by which he was obliged to cede the country, and has recalled Prince Christian, under threat of high treason in case of disobedience. All this, however, has as yet produced no effect. Nay, England, conceiving herself pledged to assist Sweden by her maritime means in obtaining the possession of Norway, has, certainly against the wish of her heart, found herself compelled by good faith to put the ports of that country under blockade; a measure which, like the treaty itself that led to it, has produced weighty discussion in the British Parliament. Beyond this blockade no coercive measures have been resorted to, and a hope still remains, that the brave Norwegians, by submitting to necessity and fearful odds, will avert the storm which a perseverance in their determination must inevitably bring upon the country.

AMERICA.

The remains of General Wilkinson's army, which, after the disgraceful failure of the expedition gainst Montreal, had retreated to Salmon river, have, by the severity of the weather, been obliged to abandon their cantonments, and to retire upon Platsburg and Sackett's Harbour, after previously destroying all their ships and stores; and this unpleasant event has been followed by the intelligence of the *beginning* of Bonaparte's reverses in Champagne, and of the *probability* of the allies marching to Paris. The consequence has been a wonderful change in the hitherto haughty tone of the government of Mr. Madison, who, well anticipating the storm that gathers over his country, has himself caused a bill to be brought before the House of Representatives, to repeal the embargo act (enacted through him last December), and to allow the importation of British goods and manufactures: moreover, the American negociators sent to Gothenburg are said to have been instructed not to insist on the Madisonian doctrine of impressment. But further lowering in pretensions will appear adviseable, when our transatlantic opponents shall hear of the downfal of their ally in France, of the arrival of the great reinforcements which sailed for Canada last month, and of the destination of 10,000, or, as some accounts state, 20,000 veteran soldiers from the Duke of Wellington's army, which are now embarking in the Garonne, under the reported command of General Picton.

The Repositoy

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashion, and Politics.

MANUFACTURERS, Factors, and Wholesale Dealers in Fancy Goods that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles as they come out, and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered. *R. Ackermann*, 101, *Strand, London*.

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DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Gazette of the 3d May announces the following honourable rewards to the under-mentioned distinguished generals of our Spanish army:—

Lord Wellington to be Duke and Marquis of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, by the title of Marquis Douro, and Duke of Wellington, in the county of Somerset.

To be barons of the united kingdom, viz.

Sir John Hope, by the title of Baron Niddry, of Niddry, in the county of Linlithgow.

Sir Thomas Graham, by the title of Baron Lyndoch, of Balgowin, in the county of Perth.

Sir Stapleton Cotton, by the title of Baron Combermere, in the county palatine of Chester.

Sir Rowland Hill, by the title of Baron Hill, of Almaraz, and of Hawkstone, in the county of Salop.

Sir William Carr Beresford, by the title of Baron Beresford, of Albuera.

To these officers (excepting Sir John Hope and Sir Stapleton Cotton, who declined pecuniary reward) Parliament has, in pursuance of a recent message from the Prince Regent, awarded the following grants:—

To Lords Lyndoch, Hill, and Beresford, each an annuity of 2000*l*. To the Duke of Wellington (in addition to the 100,000*l*. and the annuity of 4000*l*. formerly given), a further annuity of 13,000*l*. commutable for 400,000*l*. at his Grace's option, for the purpose of being laid out at his pleasure in the purchase of a landed estate and mansion: thus completing the national grant to half a million, or 19,000*l*. annuity, besides the first annuity of 4000*l*.

Of our naval commanders, Lord Keith has been raised to the dignity of Viscount, by the title of Viscount Keith; and Sir Edward Pellew created a Baron by the title of Baron Exmouth, of Canonteign, in the county of Devon (Gaz. 14th May).

Great preparations are making in London for the reception of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, who will immediately honour this country with a visit. A fleet is in readiness to escort these august strangers from Calais to Dover, under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. Penetrated as is the British nation with the grateful sense of the benefits which England and the whole human race owe to the valour, the magnanimous devotion, and the persevering exertions of these truly great monarchs, it awaits, with impatience, the moment which will afford it an opportunity of manifesting to them the feelings of respectful admiration, which their virtues and deeds must command, not only of their cotemporaries, but of the latest posterity.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1. A figured China crape silk, admirably adapted for the approaching summer months, forms a cool and elegant evening domestic dress, is worn with loose white muslin sleeves, and trimmed round

the bottom with a silk ball fringe of corresponding colour. It is equally calculated for a morning or promenade costume; and is sold, at 30s. the dress, by Layton and Shears, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden.

No. 2. An elegant printed marcella for gentlemen's waistcoats, remarkably appropriate to the season, and peculiarly adapted by the *fleurs de lis* to the present circumstances of the times. It is manufactured by Messrs. Kestevens, of York-street, Covent-Garden.

No. 3. Lace muslin, a new and delicate article, peculiarly suitable for *dishabille*, and is either formed as a plain high dress with a tie collar, or as a loose robe open down the front; a tippet cape, falling collar, and trimmed entirely round with a narrow white frill. It is furnished us by Messrs. T. and J. Smith, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden.

No. 4. Ladies' cloth of the most prevailing colour for riding-habits, pelisses, &c. furnished by William Barry, 55, New Bond-street, inventor of the winter morning and evening cloth dress, given in our *Repository* of Dec. 1813. The chief object of this pattern is, to point out to the public a most valuable discovery made in the improvement of the edges of cloth, ladies' cloth, merino cloth, and kerseymeres, so as to supersede the use of turning in or hemming, which process has been found, by two years experience, fully to answer the so much wanted purpose. The two sides having a small piece cut out, are left in the original state; the other two have undergone the above process, and will be found, by applying a brush, to remain solid, while the others will be found to fray by the same application. As a small pattern cannot shew this to advantage, any lady or gentleman can be fully satisfied, by having part of any article of dress done gratis, by applying as above.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The late dry weather has had the best effect upon the corn crop, the whole of which, upon all those soils that were properly cultivated, is in the most promising state. The young wheats have tillowed abundantly, and shot up into a spindle with a strong dark green pendant flag, an appearance that always precedes a full crop.

The barley crop is most promising, being a regularly grown plant, in consequence of the genial showers that fell at the beginning of last month: the late sown is finely upon the curl.

Rye has sprung into ear, and promises an early ripe crop.

Oats have also tillowed well, and appear a full crop.

Peas are strong on the bind, free from the fly, and look well on those soils under the row culture.

Beans have a large leaf and a regular plant.

The soiling crops are not so good, as the winter vetches have suffered upon poor soils, from the severity of the winter, the slug, and the fly.

Grass, both on high and low lands, is of forward growth, and promises an early and heavy hay crop.

The hop-plants are healthful and strong.

WALKING DRESS.

FULL DRESS.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Poetry.

VALENTINE

For Miss W—dv—lle, L——rp——l.

Who can unmov'd behold that graceful mien,
Where captivating elegance is seen;
Or view regardless that attractive face,
Where beauty's loveliest lineaments we trace;
Or see those eyes, that blissful rays impart,
Without love's passion kindling in the heart?
Fairer than glowing fancy can define,
Each charm of youth, of form, and mind is thine.

John Carnegie.

Glasgow.

EPISTLE

To Mrs. S—deb—th—m, L——rp——l.

O S—deb—th—m! merry and wise,
To delight thee what strains shall I bring?
Since from whist thy best pleasures arise,
In its praise I will cheerfully sing.

No dames the gay circles that throng,
May with thee, dearest B—th—m, compare;
Ah! who of the whisters among
Has of luck such a wonderful share?

Thou dost play with such judgment and ease,
And when winning thou'rt so very gay,
And so witty, each soul thou must please,
Yes, each soul who has nothing to pay!

T'other evening I lost such a heap
Of dear gold, I've no chance to regain,
That at night not a wink I could sleep,
And then swore not to play whist again

Such ill luck sure ne'er had a poor knave,
Which was all very well in its way,
But when laughing commenced I look'd grave,
Och! then 'twas the d—v—l to pay!

O S—deb—th—m! pleasant and gay,
Thou hast won at dear whist all my store;
Yet still with much truth I can say,
That to thee I would like to lose more!

John Carnegie.

Liverpool.

LINES

Addressed to the beautiful Mrs. W——, by Miss E. S. FRANCIS.

When erst to paint the sea-born dame,
The Coan artist tried his power,
To stamp his work with deathless fame,
He sought of Grecia's maids the flower:

But not in Beauty's native land
Could he a perfect model find;
Of each the various charms he scann'd,
And, from the many, one design'd.

But, had he lived in Albion's isle,
And seen bright Anna's matchless grace,
Felt the attraction of her smile,
And viewed the glories of her face,

Concenter'd in her form, he had found
The charms of the Italian queen;
And Anna's fame would then resound
Where'er Apelles' line was seen.

Yet not as Pleasure's laughing fair
Had he the lovely Anna drawn;
For modesty adorns her air,
And virtue shines in Anna's form.

As virtue then she should be seen,
Arrayed in sweet seraphic grace;
Firm honour tow'ring in her mien,
And heavenly beauty in her face.

PLATE 32.—ODE TO THE VIOLET.

Sweet flower! as ancient fables tell,
The offspring of a hero's blood,
When mighty Ajax fell,
Who of Greece the bulwark stood;
You, when maddening honour gave the wound,
Sprung from the purple stream that dy'd the ground.

Sweet flower! you wear the orient blue
That marks th' unyielding champion's aim,
To virtue and to honour true,
That blazons and records his fame!

Sweet flower! the harbinger of spring,
When wintry blasts are chas'd away,
When Nature smiles in all her blossoms gay,
And the fond ear expects the nightingale to sing,
You add your fragrance to the sweets of May!

Alas! and art thou now the symbol made
Of treason? are thy flowers display'd
To decorate the traitor's breast—
The sign of union 'mong the secret bands
Whom dark conspiracy commands,
Where meditating murder rears its crest?

Thy scents are blended with the fetid breath
Of those who deal in blood and death;
Beneath thy purple vesture lie
Falsehood, deceit, and infamy;
The ensign thou that art unfurl'd,
To call the Furies to afflict the world.

Unhappy flower! art thou torn
From thy bed beneath the thorn,
To be the herald of the woes
Which rob the nations of repose?
And will thy purple leaves and verdant stem
Adorn the tyrant traitor's diadem?
For he is great but for a transient hour,
To breathe the shifting gale of passing power.
No more shall his detested arms embrace
The humbled maid of Austria's race;
No more, in wanton pride, shall he bestow
The regal honours on a baby's brow.

The Northern Eagles wing their way,
And scent afar the trembling prey;
To their dread work they screaming fly,
With terror in their beak and lightning in their eye.
Blest and hallow'd be the hour
That views the tyrant traitor's fall from power,
That sees him die!

And when he dies,
No flower from his blood shall rise,
But some rank herb, whose foul effluvious breath
Instant changes life to death;
Where the fell asp, to full perfection grown,
May suck a venom sharper than its own.

VALENTINE

For Mrs. K——, L——rp——l.

O K——! thou art fair as the heavenly quire;
Thy manners so polish'd, all ranks must admire;
So lovely thy face is, so noble thy mien,
That the Graces and Loves have proclaim'd thee their queen:
They declare they'll no longer on Venus attend,
No longer attire, or her beauty commend;
But on thee only wait, and thy empire maintain,
As the Goddess of Love who o'er all hearts should reign.

JOHN CARNEGIE.

GLASGOW.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impl.3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchqr. Bills.3½d.	St. Lotty. Tickets.	Cons. for ac. Ma. 25
Apr.21	251½	66 a 5⅞	64½	80	94¾	15 13/16	17¼ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	64	196	9 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*	£23.11s.	66 a ½
22	252	65¾ a 6⅜	64⅞	79¾	94⅝	15⅞	18 *Pm.*	—	—	94¾	69¾	64⅛	196	11 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		66⅜ a ⅞
23	—	66¼ a ⅞	65⅜	79⅞	94½	16	18⅝ *Pm*	Shut	Shut	—	—	—	—	12 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67½ 66⅞
25	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
26	252	66⅜ a ¾	65⅛	80	94	15 15/16	18⅝ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	11 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		66⅞ 67¼
27	253	66½ a ¾	65¼	80	94⅛	16	18⅞ *Pm*	—	—	—	—	—	—	12 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67 a ¼
28	252½	66⅝ a 67	65⅜	80⅛	94	16	19⅛ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	15 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67⅛ a ⅝
29	252½	67⅛ a ½	66	80¾	94¾	16 1/16	20¼ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	196	14 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67⅝ 68½
30	253½	67¾ a ⅜	66¼	80¼	95⅛	16⅛	20½ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	196	11 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		68⅜ a 7⅞
May 2	252½	67⅜ a ⅛	65⅞	81⅛	95	16 1/16	19⅞ *Pm.*	64⅞	3¾	—	—	—	196	11 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67⅝ a ⅞
3	252	67¼ a ½	66⅛	81¾	95¾	16⅛	20¼ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	195	10 *Pm.*	5 *Dis.*		67¾ a 68
4	252	67½ a ⅝	66¼	82¼	96¼	16 3/16	20⅝ *Pm.*	—	3 13/16	—	70⅞	—	—	9 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		68 a ⅛
5	—	67¾ a ⅜	66⅜	82⅜	96⅛	16⅛	20⅝ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		68⅛ a 7¾
6	252	67¼ a ⅝	66¼	82¼	96⅛	16⅛	20⅜ *Pm*	65½	—	—	—	—	196	9 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67⅝ a ⅞
7	252	67⅜ a ¾	66¼	82½	96⅜	16⅛	20⅝ *Pm.*	—	3¾	—	—	—	196	9 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67¾ a 68
9	—	67½ a ⅝	66¼	82½	95⅜	16⅛	20½ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	195½	9 *Pm.*	6 *Pm.*		67¾ a ⅞
10	252	67⅝ a ⅜	66¼	82½	96¼	16⅛	20½ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	196	9 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67⅞ a ⅝
11	252	67½ a ⅛	66⅛	82	96⅛	16⅛	20¼ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	195½	8 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67¾ a ⅜
12	251	67⅛ a 6⅞	65⅞	81½	95¾	16 1/16	19¾ *Pm.*	64½	—	—	—	65½	196	8 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67⅛ a ½
13	250¾	66⅞ a 7¼	65⅞	82⅛	95⅞	16 1/16	20 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	8 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67¼ a ½
14	—	66⅝ a ⅞	65⅝	81¾	95⅞	16	19⅛ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	195½	8 *Pm.*	5 *Pm.*		67 a 6¾
16	—	66¾ a ½	65⅜	81⅝	95⅞	16 1/16	18⅞ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	65	—	6 *Pm.*	4 *Pm.*		66⅞ a ⅝
17	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
18	250	66½ a 7¼	65⅞	81⅞	96¼	16 1/16	19⅞ *Pm.*	—	—	—	69½	—	195	5 *Pm.*	2 *Pm.*		66⅝ a 7⅜
19	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
20	250¾	67¼ a ⅞	66⅝	82¾	97½	16¼	21 *Pm.*	65¼	—	—	—	66¼	—	5 *Pm.*	8 *Pm.*		67⅜ a 68

Highest and lowest prices of 3 per cent. consols, others highest only.—HORNSBY and Co. Stock-Brokers, State Lottery-Office, 26, Cornhill.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR APRIL, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1814. APRIL	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap	Rain.
1	S E 1	29,70	29,43	29,565	56,0°	42,0°	49,00°	showery	—	—
2	S W 2	29,09	28,87	28,980	54,0	44,0	49,00	showery	—	.520
3	S W 2	29,40	28,86	29,130	54,0	44,0	49,00	showery	.150	—
4	W 2	29,74	29,40	29,570	55,0	42,0	48,50	fine	—	
○ 5	S W 2	29,90	29,74	29,820	56,0	45,0	50,50	brilliant	—	
6	S W 2	30,10	29,90	30,000	60,0	46,0	53,00	brilliant	—	
7	S W 1	30,48	30,30	30,390	63,0	52,0	57,50	gloomy	.324	
8	S E 1	30,50	30,48	30,490	64,0	50,0	57,00	brilliant	—	
9	S 1	30,50	30,46	30,480	66,0	44,0	55,00	brilliant	—	
10	S E 1	30,47	30,34	30,405	66,0	48,0	57,00	brilliant	—	
11	S E 1	30,21	30,09	30,150	64,0	41,0	52,50	brilliant	.406	
12	S W 1	30,09	29.98	30,035	65,0	49,0	57,00	brilliant	—	
☽ 13	S E 1	29,98	29,87	29,925	64,0	41,0	52,50	brilliant	—	
14	S E 1	29,57	29,55	29,560	68,0	54,0	61,00	brilliant	—	
15	S E 1	29,43	29,29	29,360	68,0	48,0	58,00	variable	.520	—
16	S W 2	29,32	29,29	29,305	61,0	52,0	56,50	rainy	—	—
17	S E 4	29,50	29,08	29,290	58,0	46,0	52,00	rainy	—	
18	S W 2	29,50	29,50	29,500	57,0	42,0	49,50	rainy	.200	—
19	S 3	29,71	29,50	29,605	60,0	40,0	50,00	rainy	—	—
20	S 2	29,71	29,71	29,710	65,0	46,0	55,50	fine	.080	.880
● 21	S 2	29,73	29,71	29,720	60,0	48,0	54,00	cloudy	—	.160
22	N W 3	30,20	29,94	30,070	55,0	41,0	48,00	cloudy	.112	
23	S W 2	30,20	29.90	30,050	54,0	36,0	45,00	rainy	—	—
24	S W 2	30,06	29,90	29,980	49,0	38,0	43,50	rainy	—	—
25	N W 3	30,20	30,05	30,125	52,0	38,0	45,00	cloudy	.098	.385
26	N 2	30,35	30,20	30,275	51,0	39,0	45,00	cloudy	—	
☾ 27	S E 1	30,35	30,25	30,370	54,0	40,0	47,00	cloudy	—	
28	S 2	30,35	30,24	30,295	51,0	43,0	47,00	rainy	.090	—
29	S 2	30,24	30,12	30,180	54,0	42,0	48,00	cloudy	—	.715
30	S 1	30,22	30,12	30,160	60,0	42,0	51,00	cloudy	.162	
			Mean	29,883		Mean	51,4+		2,042	2,660

RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 29,833—maximum, 30.50, wind S. E 1.—Minimum, 28,86, wind S. W. 2.—Range, 1,64 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is ,54 inch, which was on the 3d.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 4,85 inches.—Number of changes, 7.

Mean temperature, 51.°4.—Maximum, 68°, wind S. E 2.—Min. 36°, wind S. W. 2. Range 32.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 23°, which was on the 11th and 13th.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 2,042 inches.

Fall of rain, 2,660 inches—rainy days, 18—haily, 3.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
1	0	0	9	7	10	1	2	0	0

Brisk winds 2—Boisterous ones 1.

Notes.—1st Frequent flying showers of rain, with slight ones of hail.—2d. Copious fall of rain, particularly during the night.—3d. Much rain, with a little hail.—11th. Wind upon the surface of the earth S. E. when the clouds indicated a S. W. current —15th. A sudden gust of wind A. M. accompanied with very large drops of rain; wind S. E.: the preceding day was marked with [illegible] the maximum for the month.—19th. Heavy showers of rain, dimi[illegible] re being occasional showers of hail.—22d. The weather [illegible].—28th. Incessant rain the whole day.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR APRIL, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814 APR.	Wind.	Pressure. Max	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
1	S E	29,78	29,50	29,640	64°	44°	54,0°	showers	—	—
2	S W	29,50	29,48	29,490	60	43	51,5	fine	—	—
3	S W	29,66	29,50	29,580	60	32	46,0	fine	—	
4	N W	29,78	29,66	29,720	58	34	46,0	fine	—	
○ 5	Var.	29,97	29,78	29,875	59	38	48,5	fine	—	
6	W	30,08	29,97	30,025	61	38	49,5	fine	—	
7	S E	30,28	30,08	30,180	64	40	52,0	fine	—	
8	N E	30,28	30,24	30,260	63	32	47,5	fine	—	
9	N	——	——	——	—	—	—	fine	—	
10	N	——	——	——	63	37	50,0	fine	—	
11	N E	——	——	——	65	39	52,0	fine	—	
12	E	29,83	29,76	29,795	74	43	58,5	fine	—	
☽ 13	E	29,76	29,62	29,690	76	42	59,0	fine	—	
14	S	——	——	——	76	48	62,0	fine	—	
15	S E	29,64	29,59	29,615	69	51	60,0	showers	—	—
16	S W	29,64	29,47	29,555	70	49	59,5	showery	1,58	—
17	S	29,70	29,47	29,585	64	44	54,0	showers	—	—
18	S E	29,75	29,70	29,725	64	44	54,0	showers	—	.42
19	S E	29,77	29,75	29,760	69	45	57,0	clouds	—	
20	E	29,77	29,77	29,770	63	48	55,5	cloudy	—	
● 21	W	29,88	29,76	29,820	58	45	51,5	showers	.66	.43
22	N W	30,06	29,88	29,970	55	39	47,0	fine	—	
23	W	29,88	29,86	29,870	58	42	50,0	showers	—	—
24	N W	29,89	29,88	29,885	50	40	45,0	showers	—	—
25	N W	29,96	29,89	29,925	47	40	43,5	showery	—	.48
26	N W	30,15	29,96	30,055	51	34	42,5	fine	—	
☾ 27	N W	30,16	30,15	30,155	51	42	46,5	fine	.55	—
28	S W	30,16	30,10	30,130	58	43	50,5	cloudy	—	.05
29	S E	30,10	30,07	30,085	61	48	54,5	fine	—	
30	S W	30,19	30,07	30,130	69	46	57,5	fine	.49	
			Mean	29,857		Mean	51,8	Total	3.28in.	1.38in.

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, westerly — Mean height of barometer, 29,857 inches; highest observation, 30,28 inches; lowest, 29,47 inches.—Mean height of thermometer, 51°,8; —highest observation, 76° —lowest, 32°.—Total of evaporation, 3,28 inches.—Total of rain 1,38 inch. in another guage, 1,46.

Notes.—6th, 7th, and 8th. Foggy mornings.—17th. Swallows first observed at the Laboratory.—15th. Rainy morning.—21st. Windy night.—24th. A strong wind from the N. W. all day.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for MAY, 1814.

London Dock Stock	£104¼ a ½	pr. sh.
West India Ditto	160	do.
Commercial Ditto	150	do.
Ditto New Ditto	16½ a 17 pm.	
Chelsea Waterworks	12 5s.	pr. sh.
East London Ditto	70	do.
West Middlesex Ditto	32	do.
Rock Life Assurance	2 14s.	do.
Kent Ditto	10	do.
Birmingham Fire Ditto	200	do.
Imperial Ditto	48	do.
Eagle Fire and Life	2 2s	do.
Globe Ditto	112	do.
Hope Ditto	2 5s.	do.

Ashton and Oldham Canal	£82 a 85	per sh.
Birmingham Ditto	650	do.
Chesterfield Ditto	100	do.
Dudley Ditto	45 a 46	do.
Erewash Ditto	800	do.
Leicester Ditto	210	do.
Regent's Ditto	23	dis.
Grand Trunk Ditto	1231	pr. sh.
Highgate Archway	19	dis.
Surry [illegible]	[illegible] 10s	pr. sh.
Russell [illegible]	18 18s.	do.
Flour [illegible]	[illegible]	do.
Drury [illegible]	[illegible]	do.
Gas [illegible]	[illegible] 5s.	do.

WOLFE & Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill,   [illegible]

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